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AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN LAMP.

LIT. PRIZE STORY.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold;
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old."

AT THE very foot of Fifth Avenue, where the sober walls of the old-fashioned Brevoort House look upon the street, there still remains a settlement consisting of a few Knickerbocker families, whose older members recall the days when Washington Square was the fashionable centre of the town. They have steadily resisted the uptown march of later days, and have actually come to take a certain pride in being so far removed from Murry Hill.

And so it happens that there stretches along the north side of the square a staid row of house that were once, no

doubt, in the days of old New York, considered splendid mansions, but they are quiet and old-fashioned enough now. Broadway is almost within a stone's throw, but its tumult has been broken by the intervening housetops and comes hither like the roar of the distant sea. In summer time you can almost hear the hum of the bees, and in winter if there is any snow south of Harlem you are sure to find it in Washington Square.

Young Winthrop walked along Waverly Place, fully persuaded that the afternoon was remarkably fine, and that a man who had never staid in town all summer had yet to taste of some of the joys of life. The duties of his profession had prevented his going to Campobello, where the rest of his family was spending the month. This was the first time that such an event had occurred, and his natural regret at losing a whole summer's fun and at being deprived of the society of his *fiancée* for three months was a great deal more than overbalanced by the consciousness of having professional duties to keep him in town, and of being a useful member of society.

Winthrop usually walked uptown, but by another route, and when in obedience to a passing whim he turned into Waverley Place he realized that it was at least a year since he had been in the vicinity. But some force of association seemed to come over him; faint—so faint that he could hardly be sure that it was there at all. It was more like the shadow of a dream, or of something that had happened very, very long ago. He was playing with a little flaxen-haired girl in a great red house with white blinds and an open square in front. This feeling of having been in a place before is such a vague one that Winthrop found himself unable to recall the circumstances more distinctly.

But he was very much surprised to see in that row of houses one that had evidently been turned into a shop—a bookshop to be sure, and an unobtrusive one at that—but the idea of a shop of any kind in North Washington Square seemed nothing less than sacrilege.

Winthrop now remembered that his friend Courtney Fox had told him of a remarkably good place for old books that had recently been opened in this part of the town, and he had been intending to come here in search of a certain book which neither Pierce nor Bradburn, nor any of his friends among the book dealers, had been able to find. This was in all probability the place; there were no rows of books nor tickets to catch the eye, and the house had nothing to distinguish it from its neighbors, except that on one of the windows of the ground-floor was engraved the legend:

JOHN WICKFORD, RARE BOOKS.

There were none of the insignia of trade, save only a little carved sign that projected and swung beyond the door. It twinkled and shown in the afternoon sun, for it was gilded; the figure was that of an antique lamp.

"Nice looking place," thought Winthrop, as he walked in. "It looks like a private house; makes you feel like ringing the bell."

He closed the door behind him, and the square, and the distant hum of Broadway faded and slipped away, not just without the door, but far, far away, out beyond the bay, and over the sea, and then vanished in the air. He had landed somewhere in the middle of the sixteenth century, and he saw the faces of his contemporaries on the walls. Rows of books ran around the room, books that were old when New York began. The light that came through the curtained window was softened, and the face of the tall clock in the corner seemed to have put on a quizzical air. Decidedly, he was too modern for his surroundings. It was a queer sensation, this, of having stepped unawares out of the nineteenth century back to another world; the illusion was a novel one, and he had never imagined that it could be experienced on this side of the Atlantic. Then, from some corner of the room, arose a man of flesh and blood, and the illusion was shattered. For they wore not sack coats in the

former days, nor stiff linen collars nor four-in-hand ties. The square, and Broadway and the town, came trooping back, and Winthrop's dream was over.

The little man who appeared was a weazen-faced old gentleman, who might have been anywhere from forty to seventy years old. Winthrop told him what he wanted.

"Mr. Wickford will be back in half an hour," he explained to Winthrop. "I know he hasn't a copy of the *Magnalia*, but he may put you in the way of finding one. Wait a moment, and I may be able to find out something about it."

He was gone; then the curtain parted, and marvelous to relate, the nineteenth century slipped away again. For there seemed to float through the air, and approach through the half lit space a vision of one who was surely not of to-day. She floated and came through the mist; her eyes pierced the gloom; her hair, caught back of her head, left a stray lock floating in the air. But what Winthrop saw was not so much a woman as a face, and it was the face that a great many years ago had been that of a little flax-haired girl, in a great red house with white blinds, and an open square in front. He forgot the *Magnalia* for a moment, and the little weazen-faced man, but he was back in the nineteenth century.

"Why, Miss Wickford," he began, but that seemed foolish. Plainly, the old-fashioned maiden knew not the knight.

So he went through the form of introducing himself. Introducing himself to a girl who had played Dumb Crambo with him, and whom he had kissed beneath the mistletoe ten years ago.

But he did introduce himself, and he inquired after her mother; and she, poor thing, was dead, but her father was well, and he might see him in half an hour. And where had they been all the time? He forgot all about Cotton Mather and his *Magnalia*.

It came to him vaguely that they had lost sight of the Wickfords a few years back. It was pleasant meeting an

old friend in this way, and he was not averse to waiting for Mr. Wickford. When he came they insisted that Winthrop should stay to tea; it would have been ungracious not to remain. They walked out of the room where the old books and the tall clock and the little weazen-faced man held sway. Winthrop was debating whether he should call her Margaret, but he forebore; people grow very far apart in ten years.

She presided at the tea-table with a quaint grace that had within it just a trace of stateliness, so that the room and the surroundings and the courteous old-time dignity of Mr. Wickford made it seem like a relic of old New York. They became quite intimate again, and after tea Winthrop was talking and listening as if those ten fugitive years had never slipped in between. Mr. Wickford had been ruined through the treachery of a partner, whose note he had endorsed, and had found himself too old to begin life over. He had managed to save enough from the wreck to keep the house on the square and live in a retired way. Then, impelled by the polite enthusiasm of the amateur rather than by any stronger motive, he had sold a few of his mss. and illuminated volumes and purchased others, until he found that these transactions took so much of his time that it had become necessary to employ an assistant; hence the weazen-faced man.

"And you never could imagine what I am doing," said Margaret, after tea. "You remember how we used to plan what we were going to do? You were to be a musician, don't you remember, and were to play that air that you had composed for the dying, and would heal men's souls, so they should live."

"Yes, and if you were in danger I was to come to you and save you by playing that air. I'm afraid I've forgotten it now. And you were to paint; and you would paint nothing but landscapes and figures. But what are you doing now?"

"I am painting," she said, simply. "Oh, how you are laughing at me. I have my studio upstairs, and would you believe it, I have been hung once, twice, three times. But you don't know what I paint. I go in most unromantic places, far downtown, in old graveyards, and up in Harlem and along the river and all over this dear old city. I see something new every day. Have you ever been in the Jewish quarter, where the signs on the street are in Hebrew? And have you ever been inside a Joss-House? I have, and in ever so many queer places besides."

"So you have really turned artist. And when am I to see your studio?"

"To-morrow, when it is light."

Winthrop promised, and resolved to come.

"Sometimes, when papa is away, I venture into the shop, as I did this afternoon. Did you see the sign as you came in? It had lain in the attic for years and years; probably it was an old English sign. Papa thought it was meant for the lamp of learning, and that it fitted in with his old books; so we put it outside the door. But I am more romantic, and say that it is the lamp of Truth, and that is Art. At any rate we had it cleaned, and the gilding is so bright that it gleams in the sun, and we call it the golden lamp."

It was half-past seven and not yet dark when Winthrop left his newly-recovered friends and started to walk up the Avenue. Behind him the triumphal arch rose against the foilage of the square, and in front already the twinkling lights of Fifth Avenue stretched away to the north.

"A girl like that," he reflected, "oughtn't to be out of everything that is going on in the world. How completely they've buried themselves. I wonder if they have old china all over the house. She leads the same kind of life as all those artist girls, I suppose. Smokes cigarettes, goes to the opera on Wednesday matinees, way up in the loft, and takes fifty-cent table d'hôte dinners with her friends, and reads Marie Bashkirtseff. Hello, Dick; I beg your pardon."

He had been looking down as he walked, and had collided with his friend Satterlee unawares. The latter, so far from being put out, rejoiced that he had found a companion for dinner, for, like a prudent man, he always avoided dining alone.

"I've been taking tea with an artist and her father," explained Winthrop. "That ought to mean that I'm hungry, but I'm not. Of course I'll go, though."

They were talking after dinner, and Satterlee, rolling his cigar between his fingers, poising and carefully scrutinizing it, although he had been smoking it for five minutes, broke the monotony by asking, in that same tone in which your broker might inquire whether he should sell your stock when it reached seventy-four,

"Are you going to marry Clara Van Alstyne?"

Winthrop lifted the coffee to his lips, knocked the ash from his cigar and replied:

"So I am informed on credible authority."

"And so are we all informed. But do you know I have made a fearful mistake."

"Is it possible?" Not a trace of irony in Winthrop's voice. These young men were the closest of friends, but they liked to talk like old, old men.

"Possible, and true. You know Madeline—Clara's sister. Well, everyone has been putting our names together, and she knows it. Upon my soul I don't see how she can think I have been paying her any attention, for we never speak fifty words when we meet. Miss Clara, if you will allow me to say so, is the only one that ever interested me. And you have cut off that avenue of escape. Hang it, I really believe Madeline thinks that I care for her."

"I wish it were possible for you to marry my *fiancée*, Dick, but what would the lady say? However, I will do everything in my power to accommodate you."

And with this merry jest these two bosom friends went their respective ways.

* * * * *

The waves dashed angrily against the rocks; a purple cloud hung low in the east, but the storm was yet in the distance. Miss Clara Van Alstyne walked on the shore alone, and wondered whether being engaged would make the summer seem so very different. She thought it was not quite fair that he should have to stay in town all summer. Then she fell to thinking of Mr. Satterlee, who was expected shortly. Why was everyone saying that he cared for Madeline? But she could not analyze this feeling of love; she half distrusted herself and doubted if her engagement to Jack Winthrop meant really anything more than the first warm impulse of an undisciplined heart.

Seven hundred miles away, her lover was enduring the sweltering heat of July. No such question entered his mind.

As cooler days came on, he was learning more and more of the delights of his native city. Mr. Wickford, too, knew most of his father's old acquaintances; then his mother called on Margaret, and was charmed, and so the two families had renewed their old acquaintance.

Then Winthrop came to find that all art students did not have the Bohemian habits with which in his ignorance he had endowed them. After her mother's death Margaret had withdrawn from most of her social avocations; she helped and cheered her father, and had conceived the idea that her life should be devoted to Art.

But the stars are reached through difficulties; she had placed her standard high and so had become discouraged, and wished for a moment that she had not hitched her wagon to a star. Art is a hard mistress, and not easily do her votaries win her smile. Margaret had been working and studying since she was fifteen years old; at last she had felt that she was acquiring some form; then she had painted a bit of an old house in Long Acre; she had worked on it until it had become a part of her being, and this time Fortune had smiled, and her picture was hung.

Is there any nature so capable of the happiness which comes from devotion as that of a woman? And if she be an enthusiastic worshipper of Art, what is the measure of the exalted happiness of a maiden's soul? When Winthrop came she seemed at first his teacher. He had never known what a glorious parade the Battery was before, nor had he understood aught of the romantic old churches scattered over the East side. He was introduced to the quaint seclusion of Greenwich village. And he learned more of art, and color underwent a revelation in his sight.

But he was not only a pupil in her hands. He brought to her the fruits of a wider vision, and even pointed out wherein she was deficient. She had an instinct for color, and massing, and it was he that gave her strength. So was her art uplifted, and her fresh young spirit blossomed forth, and the Gods on Olympus smiled.

Thus the splendor of summer passed away, and the magnificent pageantry of autumn was at hand. Even the old trees in the square put on their gorgeous livery, and in Heaven the Manitou smoked his pipe; and the smoke floated downwards, over the land and over the sea, even upon the roaring, raving city, and men said that Indian Summer was come.

* * * * *

All summer Clara Van Alstyne could not help wondering if Mr. Satterlee was in love with her sister Madeline; her woman's instinct told her that he was not, yet all the world held the contrary opinion. Meanwhile, Satterlee knew that he would wrong his friend by remaining at Campobello, so he bravely and honorably fled, for he was in love with Clara. And in her mind the bitter truth was beginning to be perceived, but only faintly, that her love for Winthrop had rested on the ardor of a first tumultuous affection and on nothing more; faintly, because she was too conscientious to willingly allow herself to feel it.

But Winthrop found it out, and with bitterness of soul, for his love for her had never for an instant abated. But he

would not do her this injustice, and so they spoke to one another, and then, when all had been said, they understood.

Oh! the bitterness of that night! How he loved her, and had always loved her! And the cruelty of it; that she had never loved him truly, and that she knew it now. He thought of their ecstasy in what had seemed their first love—fruit that had turned to ashes in their grasp—and he realized, for the first time, that awful, melancholy truth that sooner or later is brought home to all of us, “that a sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.”

He, simple, unhackneyed soul, strove to drug his memory, though his heart had been already put to proof. He buried himself in his work and tried to banish her from his mind, for he was a man, and would not be so weak as to let a matter of vanished love dominate his life. He saw nothing of the Wickfords now; he had seen less of Margaret after winter had begun, that there might be no suspicion of neglect of Clara, and for that very reason he was too proud to go to her now. And so, Time passed—“Time the healer, Time the consoler, Time the anodyne.”

Perhaps the vision of Margaret sometimes came before his eyes, for she had taught him of Nature and Art. Perhaps there was something to recall that lost summer, on those days when the winter sunbeams fell upon earth with more than their wonted heat.

“Jack,” said his mother, as he entered the house one afternoon in the late winter, “do you know that the Wickfords have had a terrible misfortune, and that we never heard of it until to-day? Their house, in Washington Square, nearly burnt down a week ago, and no one knows how the fire started. Old Mr. Wickford was upstairs and could not get down, for a falling beam had crushed his leg. Margaret ran upstairs, herself, covered her father’s face from the flames, and carried him down the stairs; he was just across, and when she saw he was safe she started to follow, and then—,” and here poor Mrs. Winthrop burst into tears, and finished her story sobbing. “Then no one seems to know

just how it happened, but the stair parted and Margaret fell. They thought at first that she was killed, but she revived. And now the doctor says that her life hangs in the balance; we shall know this afternoon. Her actual injuries are not so bad as they thought, but the nervous shock was terrible, and anything like bad news would kill her now."

"Where are they now?" cried Jack, hoarsely.

"At the house; the first floor was not burnt. I left her this morning."

Winthrop had seized his hat and rushed out of the door. He hailed a passing cab, sprang in and took the whip in his own hand. Twenty-five blocks of granite pavement stretched before him; the horse flew down the avenue, and the driver held his breath. A girl lay dying in Washington Square; a young man had found that he had a message to deliver that had long been in his heart. Twenty-five blocks.

* * * * *

They thought that she was dying; she knew that they thought so, although they had been afraid to tell her. Why should they not have told her? Had she not faced Death in a more terrible form, and did they think that she would fear it now? She wondered how long her father would be gone. So this was the chamber of Death. And that was why the windows were darkened, and the air seemed so still. She tried to hear a sound from the living world, but there was nothing except the crackle of the fire upon the hearth and the tick of the clock in the hall. No, she could not die, for who would care for her father then? She would not die, and she struggled fiercely to rise; then she fell back, and a deathly shudder came over her.

But she wished that she might have seen him once again, and might have spoken with him,—with him who had entered so strangely into her life and had taught her wonderful things that she had never known before. She had seen his mother, but he would not come, for he had not for many, many weeks. Then there seemed to float before her

in the dim, still air, the vision of a boy and a girl, and they were playing together in this great red house with white blinds, and an open square in front; the girl was telling how she was going to paint, and to try to put the glorious things she saw around her in her painting; then the world should see, and he would be proud of her and she of him. For he was to be a great musician; and he was to play on his violin a strain for dying men, to heal their souls, and they should live. And he played the invisible music, and the girl listened and drank it in. It quivered and rose and fell, then passed in one long-drawn strain like the cry of a departing soul; a quiver and then the harmony of the angels, that rose high and filled the air and glided into her soul,—for the little girl and the boy were gone, but she was hearing the strain as she had heard it years before. And then, with one supreme effort, she cried "Jack!" and her voice sunk in her throat.

For he came through the open door, as she had seen him come so many times before,—the man who had opened her eyes and taught her soul to live. And she would live, and she half rose to meet him; but she fell, and he caught her in his arms. The fire crackled more briskly on the hearth; the clock in the hall ticked happily back and forth; without, the sun came dazzling through the air, and burned and glistened on the swinging lamp till it shone like burnished gold.

M'Cready Sykes.

ENGLISH SOURCES OF THE MAYFAIR SCHOOL.

THE recent death of the Laureate has turned new attention to the poets who are thought at all worthy to succeed him. Strange to say, very little thought seems to be bestowed upon that group of "poets of society," at the head of whom stands Austin Dobson. From the galaxy of elegies on Tennyson, written (some have hinted competitively) by the younger poets, "The Critic" pronounces that of Dobson "easily first." Still this may only be added evi-

dence to the fact that this exquisitely light style of verse finds readier admirers among the nervous Americans than at home, and perhaps we may venture not unprofitably upon a short study of the rise and spirit of the makers of what Mr. Stedman terms "patrician rhymes."

Everyone that has read Locker, Lang or Dobson knows how precisely they trip along in full dress, and no amount of descriptive criticism can cause those who have not read to catch the subtle sense of their style. Our object will be rather to trace down from its source the development of the Mayfair School.

That source is Chaucer-source, to be sure, of all modern verse—but in the spirit of his work a mighty model for *vers de société*, Chaucer was unmistakably the poet of the fashionable society of his day. His strain is far more easy and light than either Lydgate's or "the moral Gower's." He had no less of earnestness than Langland or Wycliffe about the abuses of his time, and yet his treatment of them has all the cheerfulness and gentle satire of a man of the world. This Chaucer was in the truest sense. Fostered by court patronage and sent repeatedly to Italy on diplomatic service he breathes into his verse the spirit of the broad culture he enjoyed. It was Italy, "that woman country," that gave to Chaucer's style its strongest impetus. He introduced into our literature Italian "ottave rime" Englished in his own soft stanza. An analogous influence on the Mayfair poets is that of France. Mr. Dobson was born there of a French mother; his youth was spent there, and he and Lang have shown what could be done in English with the rondeau, the triolet and the villanelle as forms for feeling as well as of ingenuity.

Two of Dobson's rules for social verse are: X. "Be serious by accident;" XI. "Be pathetic with the greatest discretion." Chaucer foreshadows this control of the feelings which the poetry of society demands. It was this that leads him often to throw off any ultramelancholy tendency in his verses.

" I prey yow al my labour to relese ;
 I may not telle her woe until tomorwe,
 I am so wery for to speke of sorwe."

This is a touch exactly in Dobson's spirit. The few shorter poems of Chaucer that remain to us show his skill in "occasional pieces." He stands out as the first and greatest master of polished verse.

"Master Chaucer" was revered among the courtly makers of the reigns of Henrys VII and VIII by John Skelton. Skelton, too, lived a life at court and invented a rhyme of his own after the conceits of the Italian writers of his day. His longer poems, chiefly in Chaucerian stanza, are satirical. The soul of Chaucer's satire is in them. They are the polished darts of a court poet censuring court and church abuses. There is none of the somewhat tedious minuteness of allegory that we find in the Earnest Langland. They are the first note of the satire of Dryden and Pope, which more distinctly has the finish of the Mayfair School.

It is, however, in his own meter and his occasional poems that Skelton is most truly a poet of society. The example most inevitable is of course "The Lament for Phillip Sparrowe" imitated in style from Catullus, and identical in motive with its model. The piece "Upon a Dead Man's Skull," which was sent to him from an honorable gentlewoman for a token, suggests strongly the idea and treatment in Locker's "A Human Skull." Locker had to buy his skull, however. The following beautifully illustrates Skelton's style :

" Merry Margaret
 As midsummer flower,
 Gentle as falcon,
 Or hawk of the tower,
 With solace and gladness,
 Much mirth and no madness,
 All good and no badness,
 So joyously,
 So maidenly,
 So womanly,

Her demeaning
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite
Or suffice to write
Of merry Margaret
As midsummer—etc."

In Elizabeth's reign three names arrest our attention as sources from which our school has drunk deeply. They are Sir Philip Sidney, typical of the early reign; Suckling, chief of the "Cavalier Poets," and Herrick.

Rare Philip Sidney is as sad a case of brilliant promise and early death in literature as is Keats. There were no Edinburgh Reviewers in Sidney's day, however, and he lived an ideal life for a poet of society. He reflects his age most gracefully in his verse. Knightly love-making is the theme. This from "Astrophel and Stella" shows the source of quaint country style in Locker's "Gerty's Necklace" and "Gerty's Glove":

"Because I breathe not love to everie one,
Nor do not use set colors for to weare,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed haire,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane,
The courtly nymphs acquainted with the moane
Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,
'What! he?' say they of me. "Now, I dare sweare
He cannot love; No, No! let him alone.'
And think so still! if Stella know my minde;
Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;
But you, faire maids, at length this true shall finde,
That his right badge is but worne in the heart,
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love."

In Suckling, this love-making is gently satirized. In his time, the overstrained chivalry of Elizabeth's court was losing its spirit but not its form. The following and others like it, are in the spirit of Dobson's "Cupid's Ally," "Mme. Marquise," etc.:

"There never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promote,
For kings and lovers are alike in this
That their chief end in vain dissembling is.

* * * * *

"Oh, 'tis torture all and cozenage!

"And which the harder is I cannot tell,
* To hide true love, or make false love look well."

The simple, quaint, true-love of Herrick's poetry and its gentle spirit have pervaded modern *vers de société* most deeply. Examples are "The Sundial" by Dobson, and "To Grandmama" or "To an Old Muff" by Locker. The following is Herrick's own confession of his lighter style. It shows his right to a place among writers of social verse from Anacreon and Catullus down to Dobson:

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers
Of April, May, of June and July flowers;
I sign of May-poles, hoe-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridal cakes.

"I sing of dew, of oil, of spice and ambergris;
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white;
I write of gloves, of twilights and I sing
The court of Mab and of the Fairyking."

Herrick in "The Kiss" seems to have been the first to use dialogue for short-light pieces, as it was afterward used by Landor and perfected by Dobson.

In Dryden and Pope—both clearly poets of society—the courtly style of verse takes on a more modern form, if a less healthy spirit. Theirs is the poetry of strictly fashionable society—so is that of the modern school, but fashionable society is more human now.

The writers whom we have passed thus far display rather the spirit than the exact letter of modern *vers de société*.

The modern school has been influenced by all of them more or less deeply, perhaps most by the spirit of Elizabeth's reign in Sidney, Herrick and Suckling. The modern school is in no sense imitative. It is not a matter of record that anybody ever really did "give his days and nights to the reading of Addison" for other purposes than writing a prize essay about him. "The style is the man." Dobson, Lang and Locker have all distinctly modernized the cavalier spirit. They admire its quaint perfection, and they engraft it on their own verse. Their individuality is more distinctly marked than that of some of their contemporaries. They see life in their own way, and if some of the predecessors felt like them the moderns are not imitators, but reproducers of an old, rare spirit of which we need more in literature to-day.

We come now to the man generally regarded as the first real poet of society to whom the Mayfair school may trace its origin. Matt. Prior—the contemporary and friend of Swift—led a decidedly free and easy political life, the character of which he very frankly mirrors in his verse. It is light and jaunty, polite and finished, the work of a man dependent on court favor for literary and moral leisure. In his piece entitled "Merry Andrew," a perfect gem of its class, he shows knowledge of the courtier's creed. Merry Andrew, the court jester, was deposed for too plain speaking. He appears next day at the fair holding a beef tongue in one hand and a large pudding in the other, from which he takes frequent bites. His successor begs him to instruct him how he may meet with favor as court jester, and Andrew replies :

"Be of your patron's mind, what e'er he says,
Sleep very much, think little and talk less,
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue."

The following little dialogue has true Mayfair finish :

"HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H.—Oh, with what woes am I oppressed !

W.— Be still you senseless calf,

What if the Gods should make you blessed ?

H.— Why, then I'd sing and laugh,

But if they won't, I'll wail and cry.

W.—You'll hardly laugh before you die."

While we do not admire Prior specially, his verses are not without charm for us, as are all things of perfect form, and we cheerfully place him chronologically first of poets of society. Prior died in 1721.

The next to attempt what Dr. Johnson called "easy verse" was none other than Cowper. Few would consider Cowper, the morbid recluse, a poet of society. But nevertheless there was that polite, social vein in his nature which made him attempt what he calls, in speaking of "John Gilpin," the "familiar style" of verse. He spoke of its difficulty, and admired Prior's skill in it. Difficult it must have been for Cowper, and yet nearly half his shorter poems, excluding the hymns, are in this light vein—some exquisitely done. Secluded as he was from life, he was forced to occupy his mind with little things. Hence his occasional poems, such as "The Retired Cat" and "The Colubriad," represent that appreciation of trivial incidents seen in such pieces of the modern school as Dobson's "Drama of the Doctor's Window." Cowper's fables are gems. "Pairing-time Anticipated" is by far the best. It might easily be mistaken for Dobson's work. It is free from the inevitable pious moral that spoils most of Cowper's work. "The Love of the World Reproved" is fine satire of the Mayfair type.

But, as a whole, Cowper merely serves to fill the gap from Prior to William Macworth Praed, who died in 1839.

Praed's life, like Prior's, was political, but more pleasant to modern taste. His methods are nearly those of the school to-day. In such character sketches as "Quince" and "The Vicar" we have the model of Dobson's "Gentleman of the

Old School" and its class. "The Belle of the Ball-Room" also heralds a well-known class in the later poets. The following from another poem illustrates its gas-light spirit:

"I love a Ball! There's such an air
Of magic in the lustre's glare,
And such a spell of witchery
In all I hear and all I see,
That I can read in every dance
Some relique, sweet, of old romance;
As Fancy wills I laugh and smile,
And talk such nonsense all the while,
That when Dame Reason rules again,
And morning cools my heated brain,
Reality, itself, doth seem
Nought but the pageant of a dream."

Several contemporaries of Praed wrote with more or less of his spirit in some of their poems—Landon, Hood, Thackeray, Macaulay.

Landon's life and surroundings fitted him to do, by far, the most in this line. In his "Hellenics" we see the treatment of the classics in full dress, foreshadowed by Prior's "Cupid and Ganymede" and perfected by Lang. Dobson's "The Truth about Horace," and Saxe's "Pyramus and Thisbe" are not far behind.

We have now reached the living members of the school. These are Locker, 1821, Dobson, 1840, Lang, 1844. Each has written *vers de société* pure and simple, each is distinct from the other in style.

In America, Holmes has written many pieces in the Mayfair spirit—his life has fitted him to do so. Saxe and Harte are representatives of the school. The latest and truest votary this side the Atlantic is Eugene Field, though his society be not on Picadilly or Fifth Avenue.

The poet of society is liable to be misunderstood. As we have tried to show, he holds an important place in literature and he boasts a noble ancestry. Men will see things differently and will often express the same thing differently.

The poet of society has a heart beneath his dress-suit, but he prefers to be pathetic and passionate without ceasing to be polite. If he strives for perfection of form in his verse he is only following in the track of the departed Laureate.

Long may the Gay Muse smooth the wrinkles of heavier thoughts from our brows and fill us with a sense of the amenities of life.

Robert Sloss.

ROSES.

AS THE wild rose its fragrance sheds
Upon the summer air,
So does the scent of thy sweet locks,
The soul of perfume rare.
My loving words upon your cheeks
I see have planted roses;
Ah, let me pluck; who sows should reap,
There is no law opposes.

H. G. Murray.

THE OLD YEAR'S DREAM.

THERE is a rustling in the corn,
The leaves turn slowly in the breeze
Upon the silver aspen trees
That hide the way into the town.
The meadow grass is gray and brown
Under my feet, and over head
The maple leaves are shot with red.
The valley is bedimmed with haze;
Along the creek the willows raise
Their golden heads in one long line.

A grey mist lies along the hills
Where Autumn with her red wine fills
The golden chalice of the year.
The sparrows' ceaseless twittering
From maple boughs that whispering,
Bend to the wind, is all I hear
Except the rustling in the corn,
And one far quail's note that is borne
Along the echoes of the stream,—
The quiet music of the old year's dream.

W. A. Dunn.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST AND THE FIRST
SHALL BE LAST.

HERE Laddie. That's a good dog. Now for a little chat. We don't often have as fine a blaze as this to keep us company, for coal's been very dear this winter. It's lucky no one ever drops in, except old Jerry, who's said to be an idiot, but if he is queer he at least knows what it is to be friendly. The rest of them don't take to your crippled master, Laddie, and if it wasn't for his poor back they'd do even more than turn the cold shoulder upon him. Eh, dog, and what do you expect? Sweet answers to all their impertinent and impatient questions, as if "Hurry off this message," and "Look here, I want fewer mistakes in my next dispatch," wouldn't make a helpless hunchback tired and cross.

Things weren't always like this, Laddie. Do you remember the good old days, when you weren't ashamed of me, nor I of you? Whenever we talk of her it's a great comfort to know that you don't care if the big lumps will come up and the tears roll down. What fine times we three used to have! How in winter, when the ground was white, you'd tear around and throw up the snow like mad! And blame me, Laddie, if she wouldn't almost catch you in a race, and when I'd come up, there she'd be standing, her cheeks red as crimson and her eyes sparkling, and when I'd tell her she looked like a picture—which I couldn't help doing—she'd laugh and bombard me with snow, and say that such personal remarks weren't called for.

And now it was in summer. Do you remember the fine walks along the brook? You'd fetch a stick for her, no matter how far or where it went, when you wouldn't pay any attention to me. But then I didn't blame you for it. It was only natural. And sometimes, when I'd pretend to strike her, the way you would go for me! You had a fine

set of teeth in those days, old fellow, that made one keep his legs out of the way. Eh, wag your tail there! I know you remember it all. And the long drives, when she was sure you were tired and—no matter what I said—would insist upon stopping and taking you in.

Ha, ha, and how like a true gentleman you would bow when I would introduce "Laddie to my special friend, Miss Crothers." What a fine old country home it was, too, that made me make so many excuses to uncle for leaving the city and running down to Woodlawn. The broad piazza all around the house, the splendid lawn and grand old oaks, digging their twisted roots in all kinds of odd shapes into the soft ground; and then in winter there was the big open fire-place and the crackling logs and the sudden flashes of flame playing hide and seek into the far-off dark corners of the room.

But do you remember that summer night, near the close of the dance, when I had slipped Alice off from her partner, and you met us walking in the garden? Even now I can feel her startled jerk upon my arm as you suddenly walked out of the bushes into the moonlit path ahead. You didn't seem to know what to do at first, but finally came up and poked your nose into her hand, and she, patting you with her glove, said "Charlie, even Laddie seems to know it." I've often wondered if you saw us come out of the dazzling ball-room into the garden, she trembling a little, as if she was afraid I had something more than usual to tell her.

How happy the following days were, when all the world seemed to smile, and when you would insist upon following us everywhere. Why I see us both in the study on the sofa, I holding an old ancestral portrait book, while she ran over the names and explained just who such and such an old white-powdered and wigged person was, as if I really cared anything about "dear old grandma or grandpa." I was in paradise, and as she prattled on and on I kept wondering if it could really be myself who was holding the large dust-covered volume. And just at this moment who

should poke his nose in the door but you, old stupid. I was for kicking you out, but she wouldn't hear of it. How quickly the days flew by until uncle insisted upon my coming up to the city without delay. You weren't contented until you had followed us to the station, and, when we said good-bye, you shook your head in a puzzled fashion, as if you didn't know what it all meant but concluded at any rate that we were very silly.

Ah, the next time you and I saw each other how different it all was. I met you at the station out here on crutches and at first you didn't seem to know who it was that slipped a cord through the beautiful collar around your neck, which she would insist upon sending as she had insisted upon giving you to me, and the words are still there, though time has worn them out sadly. Here they are :

"LADDIE, faithful and true."

A few days before you arrived, I received an envelope at the postoffice which made me tremble so that I couldn't break the seal until I reached the room. It was addressed to

MR. CHARLES W. VAN WIRT,
Devil's Switch,
Montana.

I opened it and read as follows :

WOODLAWN, August 10th.

DEAR CHARLIE:—

I trust that you will forgive me that this is the first time that you have heard from me since your terrible misfortune, and since you have so foolishly insisted upon burying yourself out of my sight and reach. You would have heard from me sooner, but I have been very near death's door and dare only write this in snatches when the nurse is out of the room. The news of the runaway and your noble rescue of the child reached Woodlawn the evening of the day it occurred. I accidentally got hold of the paper, which had been hid, and after the first few lines everything became blurred. A moment later and I felt myself fall. My next remembrance was of hushed voices and a darkened room. Even then I couldn't recall anything distinctly. I thought I must only have been having a bad dream, and was surprised so much fuss was

being made about me. However, I noticed that I grew very weak so that I could not even raise my arm in bed, and then everything seemed to grow faint and I began to dream again; only this time instead of imagining I heard the frightful plunge of the maddened horses and the awful crash, I thought that you were at Woodlawn again and that we were taking one of our long walks together, and Laddie was with us. Then the day came for you to leave, and we walked down to the station so that we might be together longer than if we drove. And all too soon, the train whistled and came rushing down the track. Then everything suddenly changed, and there you were at a distance, on the rear of the car, waving your hand and smiling at me. And the train itself seemed to disappear but you remained there, only now you were beckoning me to follow. But when I tried to run some unseen hand seemed to hold me back, and then your image began to grow faint, until suddenly, with a last beckon to me and a look of disappointment, everything vanished, and I awoke to hear the nurse say the crisis was past. Ah, those were terrible days that followed! How I lived through them God only knows! As I grew stronger the news was gradually broken to me, until one day, when I said I felt unusually well, your letter was put in my hands. I see it yet:

"DEAR ALICE:

When this shall have reached you I hope to have lost myself to the world and, saddest of all, to you. I have fought the matter over again and again. Night after night I have tried to convince myself that the doctors were mistaken and that I might get better than they said I could, so that I might still claim you as my wife. But one day when I tried to walk I knew what the word cripple meant, and that night was one long battle for me, but when the grey dawn came stealing in through the windows and I fell back exhausted upon the pillows I had made the firm resolve that, with God's help, no one who had up to that time called me friend should see me again, and that I should solemnly ask her, who was to have been my wife, to forget her crippled lover. Words fail me. Only let me ask you by our old love not to try to find out where I am and, infinitely less, to seek me. I cannot, no, I will not sacrifice you, so help me God. When life seems most cheerless and the world most unsympathetic two things will drive back the clouds; your face and the remembrance of your love, and the picture of the smiling mother whose little, curly-headed child I saved, and who, as I gave back her bright-eyed boy, said, "God bless you, sir." Try and forget your former lover, who will always think of you, but who, by God's help, will never see you again this side of the grave.

Till we meet beyond,

CHARLES WALTON VAN WIRT."

Charlie, may the same merciful God help me to respect your wish of never going to you, but to "forget" you, not even He would require such a sacrifice. I send Laddie in place of his mistress, and the little gift of love which he bears around his neck. I know you will treat him kindly and that he will come to love you as he has loved me. May he prove always faithful, and remind you of her whose love can only remain true to one in this life and the life to come. Until we meet where there shall be no more tears or sorrow,

Your own

ALICE.

P. S.—Last night I again dreamt I saw you waving your handkerchief good-bye as the train disappeared, and your loving face and hand beckoned me to follow. Each time I do so I feel myself growing weaker, and who knows how soon that beckoning call will be answered.

Eh, Laddie she has answered that call. Do you remember the day when the news came? Ah, my eyes and heart knew well what the black envelope meant. I'd gotten over weeping by that time, but I remember I felt awfully weak all of a sudden, and the next thing I knew I was in bed here and you were poking your nose in my hand, as you used to in hers. It's ten long years since then and I've been meaning to go to her before this, but the good God hasn't had her beckon me yet; but the poor old back pains me greatly of late, and the messages come in so slow. And sometimes I can't hear the "clicking" of the instrument, and no wonder people complain of mistakes and think I've gone crazy. I guess I have though, for every once and a while I can't help her picture coming up, try as I will to listen to what a person is telling me, and then I have to close the office and come home and go all over it again with you.

Ah, boy, it's Christmas outside and the snow's there again! And there's Alice; run catch her, Laddie, or she'll beat you! And I say you're as pretty as a picture, though you needn't cover me with snow for telling the truth. There she is, Laddie; come along and we'll run to meet her! She's smiling now. Yes, there she's beckoning! Come along, boy, or she'll leave the brook before we get

to her. I'm coming, Alice; I and Laddie, and tell the King up there I've read in the Book that "The first shall be last and the last shall be first," and it's true, dear, for we once thought ourselves first, you know, and we were last, and when we were afraid we were last, lo, we are first!

George H. Forsyth.

EN VOYAGE.

THE day was fair and lovely, and the breeze,
With firm and steady strength, well nigh seemed still;
Brightness lay everywhere around, yet seemed
To shine but from the depths of silence thick,
Into which vanished and was lost the throb
Of the great ship, and the recurring plash
Of the blue, sparkling, breaking, foaming waves,
And all things else that fell upon the sense
Of eye or ear, wove one great harmony
Of stillness, like a giant slumbering.

Only your voice, with its clear cadences,
Chimed sweetly on my ear—a lonely voice
Amid the oblivion of voiceless sounds:
Upon the vast accompaniment asleep,
A waking melody, that wandered on.

So, when I listen to my thoughts, the world
One vast and far-off maze of mingled sound
Doth seem; till memory echoes that sweet voice
That thrills but for a moment as it thrilled
Amid the vessel's pulsing, long ago;
Then, all too soon, unweaves her gentle spell—
Speaks, smiling sweetly, sadly: "'Tis but I."

L. R. Moffett.

A GEOLOGICAL SEQUENCE.

"**F**OR my part, I allus declared from the beginnin' that it was money thrown away to send that boy to college. He don't take after our side of the family nohow, an' it's my belief that he'll never amount to anything." So spake Christopher Kingsland's maiden aunt, Miss Letitia Kingsland, to a coterie of familiar spirits assembled at the residence of Miss Lydia Bangs for the double purpose of promoting sisterly sociability among themselves, and of considering the best means for furthering the moral welfare of the Alaskan Indian.

The cause for Miss Letitia's gloomy prophecy was a letter which had just come home from college to Chris's father. They didn't understand it very well, but it was to the general effect that in attempting to kidnap a wooden Indian which had stood invitingly on the threshold of a tobacconist's shop in town, Chris had unhappily fallen under the strong arm of the law, and at that very moment was languishing in durance vile for lack of bail.

"Sakes alive," continued Miss Letitia, "but you should have seen his ma's face when she read that letter. 'What on earth,' says she, 'could my Chris want with a wooden Indian?' An' what in goodness name do you think that boy writ back? He said he wanted that Indian fer a hat-rack. Hat-rack, indeed! Do you think I believed that stuff? I said to myself, 'I've heerd of the heathen in his blindness a bowin' down to wood and stone, an' I shouldn't wonder a mite if Christopher had turned plum into a pagan since he got down East there among them Agnosticisms an' sich.'" And should you have been asked to judge the benefit that Chris Kingsland's college career had done him, either from his fluency in translation from Greek or Latin, or from the listless manner in which he discussed philosophy or physics, I fear that you would have voiced Miss Letitia's verdict that it was "money thrown away." As far

as tilling his brain went, Chris did content himself with only as large an amount of mental agriculture as would at the semi-annual harvest time allow his name to appear in the catalogue as an active member of the class of —. But he was a capital fellow for all that, and his social qualities made him one of the most popular men in his class. Popularity is a very dangerous possession, and only a wise man can wield it with judgment, and wise men are seldom popular. So it was not very remarkable that Chris's books got a little dusty and "trots" multiplied upon his shelves.

It was so hard to interest oneself in dry, old philosophers who lived ages ago, and who regarded the world merely as a problem for scientific analysis. Chris didn't want to regard the world as a problem for analysis. There were so many living and breathing realities all about him that he couldn't afford to waste time on the unknown and unattainable.

Of course, Chris's father and mother were somewhat disappointed when he returned with no laurel wreaths as trophies of his intellectual triumphs, and with no ambitious designs to startle the world with his genius. But nevertheless they were happy to have him home once more, and his father's practiced eye soon discerning a vein of good common sense and shrewd business talent in his son, he took him into partnership in the large, general store which supplied the citizens of Achilles with food and raiment. But as for Chris's aunt, Miss Letitia, she snuffed contemptuously, and nodded her head with an "I-told-you-so" air when she saw him settling down to an employment so plebeian and commonplace.

"As if he needed to go to college to get fitten' fer *that*," she remarked sarcastically to her friend, Miss Lydia Bangs, with whom she was taking tea.

"An' stuck up!" she continued, "you never see the beat of it.

"He don't talk like respectable folks any more. Who ever heard of a sensible body calling 'either' *eyther*, and

'calm' *caulm*. (Miss Letitia, by the way, pronounced this latter word in a highly euphonious manner through her nose, and with such an enunciation as made it a perfect rhyme for the monosyllable 'ham.')

"It's just what I said when he went away," she declared. "It never done him any good. He's too triflin' to amount to anything," and Miss Letitia looked gloomily into her teacup as if she wished her doubts of Chris's future usefulness were in China.

Achilles was a very aspiring little town. It aspired to metropolitan proportions, to town lots at fancy prices per front foot, to daily newspapers, a paid fire department; and, in fact, to everything that *could* consummate the glorious dreams of Western civilization. Of course there were incentives for this aspiration. One was the equal claims and pretensions of the rival town Golddust, thirty miles away on the eastern slope of the Rockies. Aside from this, there was the patriotic zeal of public-spirited citizens, and last, but by no means least, the equally fervid enthusiasm of the real estate boomers who had already figured out the profits accruing from prospective corner lots, now situated in the wheat-fields around Achilles.

But alas! Achilles lacked the first element for success—a railroad. And despite all that public or private enterprise could do, the town's advance, both in population and progression, was but small. If Achilles could only get the X. X. Y. and Z. to extend their line from Jonesville junction thither, her success was assured and her brightest dreams might be realized; but then Golddust wanted the railroad too, and her chances for getting it were very bright.

No one was more anxious that the railroad should come to Achilles than Chris., but it is to be feared that in this desire he was influenced more from selfish considerations than from a *pro bono publico* spirit. But one has a right to be selfish when one's in love. Chris. certainly was in love, and the sweet blue eyes and the fair face of a certain Miss Alice Merwin were the all-powerful agents in bringing

about that state of affairs in his heart. That young lady could not evidently have believed with Miss Letitia that Chris. would "never amount to anything," for she proved it conclusively one evening not long after his return by intrusting all her future happiness into his keeping. It now only remained for Chris. to obtain the consent of her father to render his joy complete, and it was with a confident heart that he entered Judge Merwin's study.

The old gentleman was silent for a few moments after he had finished speaking. At length he said, "Chris, you know there isn't a boy in Achilles I would rather have for a son than you. But (Chris' heart sank) there are certain things to be considered before I could give my consent. You are very young. You have no resources from which to support a household, save your partnership in the store. This would have been sufficient in the past, but to-day the future growth and prosperity of Achilles depends on her getting this railroad, and it is already reported that the X. X. Y. & Z. have decided to go to Golddust. If this proves true, you, with many others in Achilles will lose all you possess. Emigration will at once set in toward Golddust and inside a year Achilles will be practically a dead town. So you see why, in the present unsettled condition of affairs, I cannot consent to your marrying Alice. But," he added kindly, seeing Chris' downcast face. "You are young and bright. You have a college education. Go to Golddust with the railroad and make your fortune, or if you could only discover some means for making the R. R. come to Achilles our fortunes would all be made, and you would find that I could refuse you nothing."

"Gol'dust's raised \$50,000 an' the railroad's goin' thar. Said they wouldn't come here unless we built a bridge over the river, an' there ain't 'nough money in this 'ere town to put a new roof on the court house let 'lone buildin' railroad bridges."

So spoke Mr. Solomon Granger as he watched the blacksmith in the process of shoeing his grey mare. "I'm

gone'ter move inter Gol'dust m'self nigh onto spring," he continued. "I calc'late this town 'll jist natch'llly die down. But I wisht I could-a sold them front lots o'mine on Monroe Boulevard afore I got out. I traded two cows an' a bar'l of cider fer them lots an' I don't reckon I'll ever git nothin' fer them." And Mr. Solomon Granger sighed heavily as he thought of the momentary insanity which had induced him to part with his valuable creatures in exchange for an empty bubble that soon would burst.

"Why can't we get the railroad?" Chris said to himself. He was lying on the bank of the brook which ran through his father's meadow. A fringe of willows and cotton woods lined its course. It was his favorite retreat in summer. Chris's thoughts were on Alice, and he sighed heavily as he thought of the little possibility there was of his ever gaining the fortune which her father required him to have before he could marry her.

While meditating, he had been crumbling in his fingers a piece of the yellow shale with which the bank was covered. If there had been one subject in college in which Chris was especially interested, it was Geology, and his knowledge of stones and minerals was by no means small. Almost instinctively he began to examine the soft clay-like substance which he held in his hand.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. His face was white. He began eagerly to examine the sides and bed of the brook, and then without saying a word he vaulted the pasture fence and rushed away toward the store.

Bursting into the office, he exclaimed, "Father, what's this I hear about the railroad's going to Golddust?" "I'm afraid its true, Chris, I—I find expenses have been unusually heavy this year, and I'm afraid we shall have to contract our business—yes, I'm afraid we'll have to contract it," and the old man sighed mournfully.

"Well, you wont, when you hear what I have to tell you. I guess the X. X. Y. & Z. will come to Achilles when they hear that there are whole acres of coal not a mile out of town,"

and Chris executed a war dance finished off with a cheer, and dumped the big lump of shale he had carried from the meadow on the open pages of his father's ledger.

The old gentleman took off his spectacles and eyed his son doubtfully. Could it be possible that that streak of insanity which he had heard existed in the Kingsland family a century or so ago was coming out again in Chris. "Well, governor, you don't look like a man that had just found a \$100,000 coal mine in his back pasture lot." "I must confess, Chris, I don't understand you. I'm sure this isn't coal" (pointing to the shale). Then Chris sat down and told him that shale is an indication of coal, and that at certain places where the water had eaten away the limestone bed of the brook, he had found the beginnings of a thick vein of the precious fuel.

Then they agreed to say nothing about it, but to write to the railroad engineers and have them examine and confirm Chris's discovery.

When Chris came from the office into the store, he found Mr. Silas Branson, a citizen of Golddust, investing in a cigar. Mr. Branson was a shrewd young man, who had so ardently and intelligently sought out the golden nuggets which fickle Dame Fortune hides in the cattle-raising industry, that he was now on the high road to wealth. But, strange as it may seem, although Nature had gifted Mr. Branson with a remarkable insight when it came to deciding the relative merits of herds of steers and porkers, she had not balanced this gift on the other hand with any great degree of refinement or culture.

"Wal," said Mr. Branson smiling, as Chris appeared, "I guess our town's kinder got the bulge on you; y'aint in it, as t'were," and Mr. Silas chuckled at his little joke.

"Wal, allus' liked you any way, Chris," he continued familiarly, "even if you did go to that stuck-up college down East; so if you ever want a job when Achilles gets down on'er hunkers, as t'were, on account of bein' disappointed so

bad 'bout the railroad, you jist come over to Gol'dust an' see me.

"I want a nice lookin' young man, with his har parted in the middle, like you, in my real estate office. One that can jest natch'ally charm the rich widders, as t'were, inter buyin' my front lots. Got several hundred of them lots over thar at Gol'dust, that I calc'late to make a bar'l of money on when the railroad goes through," and lighting his cigar, Mr. Branson turned complacently toward the door. But he took only one step, for a calm, sarcastic voice came after him: "Thank you, Mr. Branson, but the railroad is not going to Golddust; it is coming here."

"What!" Mr. Silas Branson's one word not only expressed a score of exclamation points, but his pompadour hair stood for a thousand or so more.

"I said," repeated Chris seating himself on the counter and swinging his feet carelessly, "that the R. R. is coming here." Mr. Branson laughed derisively, "Yer can't come that game on me. I don't bluff. Didn't I see the contractors yeste'day an' they have orders to lay the ties from Jonesville Junction to Gol'dust," and he laughed again confidently.

"Well, Mr. Branson, since you're so sure that railroad is coming to Golddust, I'm willing to bet you a hundred dollars that it doesn't, although I warn you I'm betting on a dead sure thing." "I'll take you," cried Mr. Branson greatly excited, and they shook hands.

"Well, I wisht I come across such chances as that to win a hundred dollars oftener," said Mr. Branson, and he departed chuckling and declaring that the fool-killer evidently hadn't visited Achilles that year at any rate.

The railroad engineers came to Achilles, next the directors, and finally the president of the road himself, and then the railroad officials began quietly buying up large pieces of land in or around Achilles, and before the astonished townspeople knew what to make of it, the *Achilles Weekly Banner* announced that "Owing to the discovery of exten-

sive coal beds on the farm of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Kingsland, by his son, Mr. Christopher Kingsland, who, by the way, graduated with first honors from his college, that the X. X. Y. & Z. had decided to come to Achilles."

The most insane enthusiasm pervaded the town that night, and Chris had to submit to being wheeled around through the streets in a carriage drawn by a hundred of his worshipping fellow-citizens. But he was anxious to share his happiness with some one else, and as soon as he could get away he hastened toward the house of the Merwins.

As he entered the room he saw Alice sitting there, and in the soft glow of the lamplight, she looked to him an ideal picture of sweetness and beauty. She looked up as he approached and said saucily, "Well, Mr. Geologist, have you come to peddle shares in that coal-mine?" "No," he answered, "I have not come to sell shares in anything, but I want to buy out whatever stock your father may have in you; do you think I can?" She was silent a moment, and then, smiling up at him sweetly, she softly said, "Yes, Chris, I think you may have me at face value."

"Well," declared Miss Letitia, when she heard of Chris's discovery and its results, "You mayn't believe it, Lydia, but down at the bottom of my heart I felt sure that boy'd come out all right. He's got the Kingsland blood, an' blood will tell, every time. An' then sendin' him away to college jest developed of him out. An' he's a credit to that college, too. What's that? You thought I said that puttin' of him at college spoiled him. Well, now, I must say, Lydia Bangs, you've got a most tremenjous memory or an uncommon big imagination. The idee of my saying sich a thing. Why that college was the best thing in the world for him. I'm free to confess that sometimes them scrapes he uster get into down there would provoke me. But boys is just allus the same, an' then it runs in the blood. The Kingslands allus was oudacious creeters. I never said that college spoiled him, an' if I did I never meant it. An' anyway, I'm surprised at you, Lydia. I might have ex-

pected such low insinuations from that spiteful Sary Meeks, but from you, my best friend, never!" And Miss Letitia was fairly moved to tears at this instance of human faithlessness.

Golddust never recovered from her astonishment and chagrin at the success of her hated rival.

Mr. Branson thus graphically described the discovery of the coal to a number of friends gathered around the bar of the Golden Gate: "Wal, yer see, once young Kingsland was moonin' 'round in his dad's paster-lot, the day after the news come that we'd got the railroad, and as he was a-lyin' on the ground weepin' over the downfall of Babylon, as 'twere, he run his head agin a cobblestone. 'Durn the thing,' says he, and picks it up an' looks at it; an' bein' as how he was perffessor of geology or some sich truck down thar at college, what teaches 'bout rocks and sich, natch'ally he seen that rock was coal. An' then he jumps up an' runs down town yellin, 'Hurray for Achilles and the coal mine!' An' then the people gets out the fire-engine and the hose-cart, and put him in a carriage and lugs him 'round town; and that's how Achilles got the railroad." And Mr. Branson sighed heavily as he thought of those front lots and that hundred-dollar bet. The sad silence that brooded over Mr. Branson's audience after the foregoing narrative, was at length broken by Mr. William Newcome, familiarly known as "Bung Hole Bill," on account of the uncommon facility with which he could pour down raw whiskey.

"Wal, gents," he exclaimed, shaking his finger oratorically, "mark my words: Who found that coal? A college feller. If Achilles hadn't a had a college feller, she wouldn't a had coal; and if Achilles hadn't a had coal, who'd a had the railroad? Gol'dust. Cunsekently, what says I? I says, durn a college feller, anyway!" Which reasoning was so eminently syllogistic and conclusive that a murmur of approval and assent followed it.

But Mr. Silas Branson shook his head. "I dunno, Bill," he said. "It's all right yer blamin' the loss of the railroad

on a college feller, an' I aint sayin' nothin' 'gainst yer durn-
ing a college feller, but all the same I wish 't I was one."

C. Waldo Cherry.

AZRAEL.

NAUGHT may last on earth but change on change un-
ceasing;

Shattered hopes, false men and women, love betrayed;
Visions lure us still, and Time is ever crumbling
Dust to dust the lofty temples Hope hath made.
Meeting, with blood rushing warm and pulses throbbing,
Him whose heart beat close to ours in days of yore,
Yet we find some change hath still transfused his being,
And on earth our souls shall mingle nevermore.

In life's spring-time, as we wandered through the meadows,
Happy children, thinking Love should never change,
Then we murmured, "We shall love, and love forever,
With a love that shifting Time shall ne'er estrange:"
As we gazed together down the dark procession
Of the phantom years whose form we would discern,
Wierd magicians, with a strange and sad enchantment,
Far too subtle for our little brains to learn.

But the years have passed us flitting, ever flitting,
With their icy touch that chills us to the heart;
And the roaring world around benumbs our being,
Till, too late, we waken, shuddering, with a start.
Ay, too late; our deeper life is dead forever,
And a stranger guest hath entered in its room;
Till we find, as once in youth, that soul's communion,
In the vast, eternal silence of the tomb.

M'Oready Sykes.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A VALENTINE.

If darling old St. Valentine
Had only fixed his day in June,
I'd hide within this verse of mine
Some robin red-breast's courting tune.

I'd slip rose-petals here and there,
That were all scented through and through,
But were they sweet as love is fair,
'T would not be sweet enough for you.

But I can only wreath for you
A snow-flaked garland, soon to melt;
And thus I hope your heart will do,
Whene'er the sun—my love—is felt.

Frank McDonald.

STUBBS.—It was one of those lazy, listless days in August. The long line of golden, shining sand swept as far as the eye could see, now disappearing from view around a graceful bend and showing like a golden ribbon as it again came into view. The broad expanse of ocean seemed limitless and the deep blue of the water formed a marked line with the paler, dreamier blue of the sky, where they met at the horizon. Here and there the clean white sails of some becalmed sailing vessel shone like a glistening snowbank in the sun, while the dark smoke of some passing steamer trailing far behind shone out in marked contrast with the rest of the scene. Not a breath of air stirred and the lazy, undulating motion of the perfectly glassy sea, and the ghost-like, graceful swoops and curves made by a few gulls were the only scenes of life in the ocean panorama.

Under a sand hill, partially shaded from the burning glare of the sun, lounged a group of young men in their cool summer flannels. A half-drowsy conversation was taking place between them; it was almost too warm to talk, and only now and then

a quiet, half-gurgled laugh escaped one or the other as some of their number made some sleepy rambling jest or remark intending to convey some wit.

There were six of them, all but one being fine athletic young fellows. The sixth member of the group lay on his back gazing dreamily up into the vaulted heaven above. He was of small stature and hump-backed. His face was anything but attractive, a large mouth, small eyes and prominent nose, yet it was a face that was frank, open, and good-natured, which immediately assured a large heart and a generous cordiality.

Suddenly one of the party sat up, and, rubbing his eyes in a half-dazed way, at the same time giving himself up to the pleasures of a yawn, looked about him. "Great Scott! Aren't we ever going to get enough of a breeze to get that sail this afternoon? Here we've been bumming around all the morning and part of the afternoon, and no sign of it yet! Hey, Stubbs, do you hear me? Wake up!"

The hump-back slowly sat up and drawing his knees under his chin remarked: "Well, what'll we do about it?"

The first speaker was not quite sure what to do about it, so vouchsafing no remark he stood up, stretched himself, and taking a cigarette out of his pocket, lit it and took in the surroundings.

All seemed somewhat awakened by this time, and one by one they got up, and headed by the one who had just spoken started up the beach in an aimless way.

After strolling along for half an hour, they arrived at a long wharf which was built out into the water, at the end of which was fastened a small sloop yacht. One by one they swung themselves on board and commenced to put things in ship-shape order for their afternoon's cruise. A light breeze was now commencing to blow, which gradually increased, so that by the time the mainsail was hoisted and all in readiness, there was wind enough for a pleasant sail.

"Get forward there, 'Stubbay'—don't be so infernally lazy—and push her off!"

Slowly the little "Irene" was backed out and swung to, the breeze filled her dainty, snowy mainsail and soon she was merrily gliding over the briny waters.

All laziness had now flown from the jolly crew who laughed, talked, jested and joined in the chorus of some popular air, which was carried shoreward and heard by those on the hotel piazzas, to whom it gradually grew fainter and fainter until no sound was heard from the little boat that was bowling along, seaward.

And so the time passed; all thought, save for the exhilarating present had flown. Once the sail was lowered and a reef taken in. The breeze was freshening every minute, and the little boat threw the spray out on either side as her sharp bow cleaved through the waters.

"Well, we can't do any more growling for want of wind now. Gad, I kinder wish it wasn't quite as fresh as it is!" All looked about, it certainly was commencing to blow.

"Lucky thing we didn't have that jib up; we've got all the sail we want, to be comfortable with."

Gradually they settled into a gloomy silence. They were watching the sky and water, which was assuming a threatening look. Dark clouds scudded across the clear surface of the sky, while the deep blue of the sea had taken a hazy, greenish hue. Swish—suddenly a wave struck the side of the boat and, breaking, sent its snowy spray over the fellows in the boat.

"B-r-r-r, that was cold, and nothing but these summer flannels; by jingo, boys, it's looking a bit uncomfortable, and we've got to get around Mather's Point before we are even on the home stretch."

Ripples were now a thing of the past, these little things had grown and were now making the "Irene" plunge and rear as she strained onward.

The heavens were a dull gray and a few spattering rain-drops fell, which acted like a damper on the already gloomy company. Suddenly a sharp gust of wind struck the boat like the report of a pistol; the mainsail was shivered from top to bottom, and the little craft freed of its propelling power slowed up and lay rocking and plunging helplessly on the now foam-crested billows. Mather's Point lay a half-mile or more ahead of them, and around its base could be seen the snowy crests of the rollers as they threw themselves upon the rocks and broke.

Two of the boys jumped up, but were instantly thrown violently back by the tossing of the boat.

"Boys, something's got to be done to get going again, or before we know it we'll bring up on the Point. Get that jib up as quick as possible, she won't mind her rudder this way."

Crawling on his hands and knees to the forward part of the boat one of the fellows got the rope and commenced to pull on it. It would not give an inch. "Something's caught, Billy, I can't budge it,"—Down, boys!

"Down," all obeyed mechanically. At that instant the "Irene" was borne high in the air and carried along with indescribable speed, then as suddenly dropped as in a yawning abyss, while the spray from the waves drenched them to the skin. It was as though the flood-gates of heaven had been opened. So hard did the rain pelt down that the "Point" was scarcely discernable, save for the seething waters at its base.

As every wave passed, the bow of the "Irene" was lifted up in the air and the next instant buried in the water. None dared let go their hold for fear of being hurled or washed overboard. It was necessary for the boys to shout at the top of their voices to make themselves heard, so deafening was the rush of the wind and water.

"Boys, if we can get that jib up we're not done for yet! Billy, keep tight hold of the right rope; I'll try and climb out on the bowsprit and see what's the trouble!"

All the while, in a corner of the boat in silence, sat "Stubbs." He was not given to saying much, poor fellow, providence and fortune had not been generous to him and he felt, at all times, out of place. But now he saw a chance to save—his chance in life had come and he resolved to accept it.

Crawling along on his hands and knees, grasping what objects he could, he painfully made his way forward. Clinging to the bowsprit with his arms, he worked his way out. To those who sat in the boat he appeared but a dark object in a maze of cold, snowy wreathes of water. They saw him edge his way out on the bowsprit warily and cautiously. Each time the little vessel plunged "Stubbs'" form would be concealed beneath the stormy waters, and as she rose again and "Stubbs" was still to be discerned clinging like grim death, a whispered prayer went up. Again and again was the indomitable fellow engulfed in the wreathing mass of foam and spray, only to appear again clinging for life—his own and his comrades'.

"Can you work it, 'Stubbs'?" came from the boat, but "Stubbs" heard it not, all that was singing in his ears was the roar of the wind and the waves.

Suddenly he held up a hand and shouted: "Let'er go, she's loose, bri—." Once more the "Irene" plunged, all forward was lost in wave. Once again came that awful suspense of waiting. Suddenly she reared upwards again. Breathlessly, the boys peered for the sight that had so oft relieved them.

"Great God, boys, he's—" and a great sob broke from the speaker's lips.

Franklin B. Morse.

HIS LETTER.—The fire in his grate was blazing merrily when he came in from dinner at the club, so without lighting the gas he pulled his couch over near the grate and buried himself luxuriously among the pillows. The fire-light threw queer, dancing shadows against the opposite wall and made grotesque images out of the commonplace tables and chairs.

As he lay watching the dancing flames the glowing heart of the fire seemed to grow larger and misty outlines began to appear which, as they grew firmer and more distinct, seemed familiar to him. Yes, there was the house in one of New York's pretty suburbs to which he had hurried so gladly when Christmas vacation began only a little while ago. The trees and fences were covered with snow and the light which gleamed through the window traced a broad path across the white yard.

Gently the picture faded and another grew. There was the well-remembered parlor with its dainty furnishings and tasty decorations, and there seated before the fire, surely he knew that form he thought, and suddenly remembered it all. It was the night of his home-coming. They had told him of his sister's visitor but he had not seen her, and as he came into the almost dark parlor hoping to find some of the family, some one turned toward him from in front of the fire. Half blinded by the darkness, he had thought at first that it was his sister and had said something to her when the fire suddenly blazed up and revealed to him his mistake. As he stood half embarrassed for the moment, she laughed merrily, and giving him her hand

told him who she was, and then still smiling at his mistake and surprise, they chatted until his sister came in and found them.

"That was the beginning," he mused, "and then"—but the scene was changing, and he watched it almost breathlessly.

The large dining-room was brilliantly lighted, and all the family were there crowding around the Christmas tree. He had laughed at the nonsense of a Christmas tree before, he remembered, but this year it was different. What a gay time they had had fixing that tree! How they had enjoyed the fun of the little ones together; and when he had brought her a candy heart from the tree and presented it with some foolish speech, how prettily she had blushed, and answered him just as foolishly.

The fire was glowing strongly now, and the pictures changed rapidly. There was their first sleighride together, and there their skating expedition, and there their evening at the theatre, till the scene came back once more to the home parlor.

His sister had given an old-fashioned "watch party" on New Year's Eve, and when they had tired a little of the fun they two had slipped away, and there before the fire, where he had first seen her, he had found courage to tell her the old story, and she had promised to write him her answer on a certain day. Ever since, he had been waiting in restless anxiety, and now the day had actually come.

The fire suddenly fell together, shutting out the picture, and the clock on the mantel chimed seven. With a start, he sprung up and, lighting the gas, found a time-table. There would be just time to catch the last train to the Junction after the eight o'clock mail, if—but he determinedly put away the "if" and began to get ready. He dressed slowly and carefully, packed his bag and put it with his overcoat and hat, all the time fighting down the question which would keep rising in his mind. That done, he threw himself on the couch again just as the clock struck the half hour and waited. Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and then he heard the postman's step on the stairs.

"He's early to-night," he said to himself mechanically, and stood up. The steps went on down the hall, then turned and came back, stopping on the way. He heard his neighbor's slide click and then the steps paused in front of his own door and the next instant his letter lay upon the floor before him.

Five minutes afterward the man who roomed next to him heard his door slam, and the echo of his steps came back as he ran down the stairs and across the campus toward the station.

Selden Long Haynes.

THE MATTER OF A SHUFFLE.—“Yes,” was her unguarded reply to some question which he asked.

“Philopena.”

“Oh, Tom.”

It was in July that the words were spoken, but the unpaid philopena had long since passed from Tom Hadley's mind, as he sat at work in his room late in January. But an interruption came,—two classmates, members of the Junior Prom. Committee, entered to canvass him for a dance. No, he didn't care to go, he said, and with a lingering “Well, so long,” they shut the door and departed to the room across the hall.

But the question was not so easily dismissed and Tom soon found himself staring blankly at the syllabus before him. His objection that he did not care to go unless he invited some girl had not been overridden, and now he was vainly trying to think of some girl to ask. But all in his native Western home were a thousand miles too far away, and here in the East—did he really know any one well enough or care for any one sufficiently to invite to the Prom.? “Pshaw, I don't care to go anyway,” he thought, and tried to let the matter drop.

But he was still thinking of the subject when a knock was heard on his door and the expressman entered, bearing a good-sized package. Tom was surprised, as he was expecting nothing, and it was with great haste that he signed his name and cut the knot of the twine.

“What in the world!” was his astonished exclamation as he took from the wrapping paper an orange silken pillow with his initials embroidered in black. Lying on the cushion, however, was a card bearing the engraved name, “Miss Blanche Courtly,” while written on its lower corner in an angular hand was the word “Philopena.”

“Who ever thought she'd pay it?” was his first thought, and next, as though rather ashamed of this, he indulged in some

inward reflections more complimentary to the donor. And then, coupled with the recollection of the philopena on the beach at Cape May came other pleasant memories in which the stylish New York girl played a prominent part, suddenly the thought struck him, "Why not have her down to the Prom.?"

He seized the idea at first eagerly—he had known her fairly well during a month of the past summer in which they were together, and then she was a pretty, lively and stylish girl, in fact, just the sort of a girl he would like other fellows to see.

Suddenly, however, his thoughts took a violent change, and seizing the pillow from the window-seat where he had placed it, he hurled it across the room with a vicious fling. "How she timed the whole thing," he exclaimed. "Invite her down here— isn't that just what she's trying to make me do? I had an idea last summer that she was a schemer, but I see it clearly now. Don't I remember how especially she asked if I ever went to our dances? Wasn't she particularly anxious once to find out just when the Prom. came this year? And now she sends this thing down just at the time to remind me of her. But it won't work, Blanche Courtley, I can tell you that."

But confident as he was that the girl had planned to entrap him, and determined as he was not to give the invitation for which he believed she was hinting, he was unable to keep either the girl or the subject from his mind. At any rate the present must be acknowledged, and so sitting down he wrote a short, formal note of thanks and then addressed the envelope.

"Hang it all, why not have her down anyway?" was his thought as he read the cold, formal words of acknowledgment. Perhaps her scheme was not so deliberate after all, and then came a little more of the passing liking he had once felt for her in the summer past. To be sure, she was not the sort of a girl he would ever seriously care for, but she was the only one in the East he really knew, and why not invite her down for one evening's enjoyment?

And so he impulsively sat down and wrote another note of thanks, including, this time, an invitation to the Prom.

But the question was not yet decided, and presently he was calling himself all manner of fools, to be caught this way by the plans of a designing girl. This mood, however, was not the

last, and again and again he tried to decide which of the two to send, but still no conclusion was reached.

"This won't do," he sighed, as the clock struck ten and he thought of the wasted evening. "I must decide it some how; here it goes."

The two sheets lay on the table, each folded like the other and, to all appearances, each the same. Tom shuffled them with his eyes shut and suddenly seizing one, its contents unknown, he stuffed it into the envelope already addressed and wet the seal. A moment later there was the sound of someone running hurriedly down the stairs, and presently the lid of the letter-box, on the corner, shut with a sharp, metallic sound and the letter lay inside.

* * * * *

The next afternoon, as Miss Blanche Courtly read a letter with a Princeton postmark, her face dimpled with a satisfied, triumphant smile. But when she had finished, the smile had passed away, her brow grew clouded, as she wondered what dress she had better wear.

Edward James Patterson.

NIGHT-WANE.

The night is growing old;
Her long, white mist of hair
Covers her shoulders bare;
Her face is sharp and cold.

The night is growing old;
Her breath is falling fast,
The breeze has gone at last,
Long gone is her crescent gold.

The night is growing old;
Her shining eyes are dim,
Beyond the horizon's rim
The far dawn glimmers bold.

The night is growing old;
She has turned an ashen grey
At the first faint touch of day,
The night is dead—not old.

C. B. Newton.

BACK IN THE SIXTIES.—“Hello, Jim! Hello, Jim! Stick your head out, will you?”

Up went a window in one of the great brown dormitories of the college, and Jim Wilson's curly head immediately popped out.

“What do you want, Sam?”

“Come down, will you, and pitch me some. I want to get some more practice for to-morrow's game.”

“All right; I'll be down in a jiffy.”

It was away back in the sixties that this conversation took place. Examinations were all over, and on the next day the great athletic event of the year was to come off.

The far-famed “Atlantics,” the champion nine of the country, were to play with the college team.

Base-ball had only been a college game for a couple of years. Three or four boys had entered college a few years before from Brooklyn. They were members of one of the local teams there and had brought their experience and love of the game with them to college. The result was that in a few years bats and balls were as numerous on the campus as shinny-sticks had been before, and the spirit of base-ball had taken such a hold on the student mind that even the wet blanket of examinations could not dampen it.

Jim Wilson and Sam Dean constituted the battery.

They had practiced for a long time, and had become so expert that when Sam quietly slid his hand down his left leg, Jim knew that he wished him to pitch a high ball off to the right; and what's more, the ball generally went right there.

Jim and Sam thought of base-ball all day, and dreamed of home-runs and impossible catches all night. In the Physics examination that morning Jim had made the statement that the velocity of a ball varied directly as the momentum of the bat, and Sam had illustrated the centre of oscillation as that point in the bat which the ball could hit without the bat's stinging the hands of the person holding it.

The day for the game at last arrived, and a great day it was for the little college town. For miles around the country people, all decked in gala attire, flocked into town, and even a few enterprising alumni came from the two neighboring cities.

Many hungry-looking individuals there were, crying their wares or seeking for odd jobs by carrying baggage or carting people about the town. The enterprising vendors, seeking for admittance to the forbidden campus, were halted by a dignified, blue-coated, silver-starred individual, whose duty it was to keep the college grounds free from peddlers, wandering musicians and the festive small mucker. Maidens with rosy cheeks that rivaled the apples in the booths and stalls along the street, and with freshly-starched crinolines that stood out like huge bells, walked about the campus closely followed by anxious mothers. Farmers from the vicinity stood on the corners and "swapped" stories with the villagers, and compared the day's scenes with those of former years.

Promptly at three o'clock, the great bell in the historic old belfry began to ring and the people all flocked to the spot where the base-ball diamond was located.

The players in their long white trousers and their cool puff caps took their positions and the great game began, amid wild cheers from the body of students.

At the end of the eighth inning, the college team was one run ahead. The "Atlantics" were getting nervous, for they had greatly underrated the skill of their adversaries. One of them said to the captain, as they were coming in from the field to take their last inning at the bat: "Say, Cap, them students can play some ball, eh? Looks kind of dubious." The captain with a frown on his face, replied: "Well, we'll do 'em yet."

But his words were not verified, although it seemed for a time as if they should be.

"Two men out, one on second and one on third, and the best batter at the bat. Whew!" said Jim to himself a little later. "Well, here goes!" and setting his teeth together, he sent the ball toward Sam with all his might.

The batter hit it a tremendous whack, but it was a high fly and Jim knew that it was his ball. Round and round he circled, following the course of the ball. Down it comes, faster and faster. One final effort and the ball rests safely in Jim's hands, and the great game is won.

Almost thirty years passed away. One balmy June morning, when everything was bright and cheerful and life's outlook

presented only the hopeful side, Mr. James Wilson sat in the breakfast-room of one of the great Fifth Avenue hotels reading the morning paper.

After many years spent in foreign travel Mr. Wilson had returned to his native land, only to find most of his old associates and associations so changed as to be nearly unrecognizable, and he felt lonely and rather out of sorts that morning.

"By George! What's this? The old college plays a championship game in base-ball this afternoon. I'd like to see that game. I wonder what the old place looks like. Let me see—why it's been almost twenty years since I've been there. Don't suppose I'd recognize it now. By Jove, I'll go down and see that game. I half believe that I could enjoy it just as well as I used to—that is if I could understand the rules." "Waiter, waiter, go and get me a copy of base-ball rules."

A few hours later, as Mr. Wilson was standing in the crowded aisle of the special train, listening to the labored puffing and snorting of the engine, he noticed a tall, bearded man in front of him whose face looked strangely familiar. He puzzled a long time trying to place it in his memory and was just about giving it up when like a flash he remembered all.

Pushing forward he laid his hand on the other's shoulder and said: "Is this Mr. Samuel Dean?" The gentleman turned and answered: "Why, yes, but—but—why I declare, if it isn't Jim Wilson! Jim, old boy, put it there. Just as glad to see you as to discover Santa Claus' store-room. I tell you Jim, this seems just like old times, don't it?"

"All out!" yelled a voice in the front of the car, and the crowd piled pell-mell out on the platform of the dirty little station.

The two united friends followed the surging crowd up the broad steps and into the campus, gazing at everything with wide open eyes, for the college of their day was not like the one of the present.

"I tell you what it is, Jim, things seem pretty bang-up here, don't they?" said Sam, as he looked with astonished eyes at the massive buildings.

"It really does, Sam. One would think that the boys would be afraid to carry on as we used to for fear of spoiling something. I wonder if they ever have any 'fresh-fires' or rows

with the town muckers now-a-days. By the way, do you know on what part of the campus the game is to be?"

"No, but let's follow the crowd and I guess we'll get there."

So they passed on through the campus in the wake of the crowd, until they entered the gate of the 'Varsity grounds. The sight of the great field and the immense stands filled with excited and shouting students and thousands of friends, almost—as Sam expressed it—took their breaths away.

The great game commenced and both Sam and Jim cheered in their good old-fashioned solemn way at each good play and lived their college life over again as they watched the progress of the play.

First their alma mater was ahead—then her opponents—then reversed again. "Can she keep the lead?" is the all-absorbing question.

The last inning had come. The rival college had two men on bases. A good hit would bring both in and tie the score. Another young giant steps to the plate, looking far too confident to suit Jim and Sam.

"He can't do it Jim, I know he can't; but, oh! don't you wish that you were pitching and I was catching?" whispered Sam.

"One ball," shouted the umpire. A few seconds later, "Strike one." "Strike two."

"Oh, Sam!" was all that Jim said, as he held his comrade's arm in a vice-like grasp.

"Oh!" gasps every one. He's hit the ball and the runner from third base is coming in with the speed of a race-horse. But, no—it was not to be. Some one got in front of the ball, and now it rested safe in the first-baseman's hands.

The game is saved, and all is Pandemonium.

"Rah!" "Rah!" "Rah!" yelled Jim, leaping to his feet and hurling his tall silk hat into the air. Alas for the hat, as it never came back—but what cared Jim or Sam. New hats are easily replaced, but a lost game never.

So wrapping a handkerchief about his head Jim set off, Sam following, and an hour later they were both seated in a restaurant, eagerly telling a crowd of under-graduates how they had won the great game, away the back in the sixties.

J. McGill White.

HOW CARLOS SAVED SAN IGNACIO.—The superintendent was pacing nervously to and fro in his office. Occasionally he glanced out over the long, level stretch of prairie, broken here and there by a clump of cactus, and observed with apprehension the sombre and threatening clouds that betokened more rain and a consequent cessation of work on the mines at San Ignacio. He looked in vain for some sign of abatement in the storm. Turning to his *mozo*, he asked petulantly:

"How long will this state of affairs continue, Pedro?"

"*Quien sabe, señor Enrique*," replied the man.

"What a stupid people these Mexican mountaineers are, anyway," reflected the superintendent. "You ask them a common, everyday question, and its '*Quien sabe*.' They never seem to comprehend anything. Well, I suppose it's in their nature and I will have to make the best of it."

Henry Van Drisler was still a young man,—in fact, only five and twenty,—and yet, by strong recommendations, influential backing and satisfactory evidence of proficiency, he had succeeded in obtaining the appointment of superintendent of mines at San Ignacio. Although he had only occupied his position six months, nevertheless, by exhibiting from the outset that spirit of firmness and resolution which seemed innate, he had shown himself master of the situation, and work had progressed on the mines as never before in their history. Having, after a few weeks' experience, convinced himself that kindness was thrown away on the crude, half-civilized men over whom he held supervision, he established, as it were, a reign of terror with perfect success at San Ignacio, and by assuming a sternness unnatural to him, he had inspired in his men a prompt obedience to regulations and a vague fear that made them subservient to his will.

Some may naturally question the prudence of this policy of dominating men by fear. And yet it often accomplishes ends where kindness has been of no avail.

The Mexican mountaineer is an anomaly. Indolent and sluggish, he requires the impetus of a firm will to inspire within him any inclination to work. He is slow and lazy,—content to let things take their course. He wants no innovation. His

idea is that everything should be governed by "*costumbre del pais*." Servile and shy, he has withal an excellent memory, and treasures up for future reference, injuries, real or imagined.

Don Enrique, as the superintendent was termed, was excessively unpopular. His men only awaited the opportunity of exacting a settlement for what they considered his inexcusable harshness. What? An Americano, a Gringo dominate them --urge them on like brute beasts, deprive them of their afternoon siesta! Such a thing had never been thought of at San Ignacio prior to the coming of this "*muchacho*."

The former superintendent of San Ignacio had been a mild, easy-going Mexican Señor, who looked more to his own ease and comfort than to the interests of the company. As a result, while he gained vast popularity with the mining element, the company was threatened with untold disaster. At the critical turn Mr. Henry Van Drisler relieved him, and affairs gradually assumed their present basis.

Three weeks prior to the time of which we write, the rainy season set in with all the accompanying impediments to progress. The teams were delayed on the roads; the complaints of the men increased threefold, and affairs in general assumed a threatening aspect.

The nearest town was forty miles, and this was ninety miles more from the railroad and telegraphic communication. The teams which served to bring in provisions and supplies from Deming were due three days back. It was their non-arrival which filled the superintendent's mind with foreboding and anxiety. Something had evidently happened, but meditate and surmise as he would, the superintendent could not solve the problem.

For the first time since his arrival, Henry Van Drisler was consumed by a terrible feeling of anxiety. Unless the teams arrived within the next few days famine was imminent, and there was no telling as to what extremes the miners might go. More than ever did the young man realize the terrible responsibility resting upon him. He looked out of the window once more, and as his eyes rested upon the large smelter and the adjacent buildings, he involuntarily trembled as he felt that any insubordination amongst his men might mean their

destruction. It was clear that he must act, and at once. But how? At this moment his *mozo* spoke:

"Señor Enrique, cast your eyes on the other side of the river."

The superintendent hurriedly went to the window and saw in the long roadway what seemed to be a human figure almost bent double, but what, as it approached nearer, proved to be a Mexican boy, of about fourteen years, staggering from side to side and with difficulty dragging himself painfully along through the mud and rain.

"Why, it's little Carlos, the orphan boy of Ascension," exclaimed the superintendent, "hasten, Pedro, and help the child in. Perhaps he brings news of the teams."

* * * * *

For years there had been quiet in the neighborhood of San Ignacio. The good people, satisfied with the general run of affairs, had never even contemplated a rising, much less a revolution. One night, several months prior to the time of which we write, a horseman, heavily armed, rode into Ascension, galloped up the broad Plaza and finally dismounting, entered the house of the Gobernador of the district. He brought news of the rising of Catarina Garza. So far all was well. The interior towns of the north had declared against the government. And Ascension? *Quien sabe*. After an interview of two hours, the horseman rode away as unostentatiously as he came. Meanwhile the Gobernador reflected. He was a member of the same Masonic order as Garza. He was bound by the mysterious ties of brotherhood. But the government? Ah well, he would reflect.

One dark stormy night Garza invested Ascension with his partisans, about two hundred in all. The Gobernador declared in his favor. As yet the government was not cognizant as to the whereabouts of the insurgent forces and while Garza and his men were comfortably ensconced in Ascension, the Mexican regulars were seeking vainly for the outlaw on the banks of the Rio Grande.

* * * * *

Little Carlos had led a sad life in his fourteen years. No one had ever seemed to care for him, no one had ever claimed him

and he dragged out a miserable existence day by day, in the little town of Ascension, where the inhabitants found it hard enough to care for their own families without showing charity to nobody's child—a waif. And yet he had managed to get along from day to day, receiving with every morsel of food tossed at him, a cuff or a kick. Poor boy; he had never known a word of kindness, never known a mother's love, that sweet inspiration which oftentimes proves the guiding light in after years.

One day Don Enrique had ridden into the village, and seeing the poor, woe-begone little figure sitting disconsolately in the narrow street, had called him and patting the little fellow on the head, at the same time giving him a few pennies. The boy's great black eyes filled with tears and he could hardly stammer out his gratitude. After this, whenever the superintendent came to Ascension, the boy would run up joyfully and salute him with: "*Buenos días.*"

When the boy saw the fierce raiders take possession of Ascension, he naturally inferred that in a short time they would attack the mining settlement of San Ignacio, as there were known to be a large quantity of arms and ammunition stored there. Verifying his surmise from a few words picked up here and there, the boy resolved at all hazards to warn the only man who had ever shown him kindness. Accordingly he set out at once and after a long and wearisome tramp, he arrived at San Ignacio, where, between his sobs, he managed to tell his story. The good superintendent, much moved, saw that Carlos was well provided for and then sat down at his desk to reflect. Affairs did indeed look threatening. One chance was left, a desperate chance, and yet it might prove successful. He resolved to stake his all on this one venturesome undertaking.

The next morning, bright and early he sent for Carlos, and upon the boy's appearance said:

"Carlos, you, and you alone, can help me to outwit these mad fellows. I know you are a brave, good boy, and I am going to trust you with a dangerous mission. These rebels have not a sufficient force to encounter any regular troops as yet, and consequently if they hear of the proximity of the regular forces they will retreat. Now, I wish you this afternoon to take my

big bay horse and ride with all speed to Ascension. See Garza. Tell him you stole the horse from San Ignacio; that two regiments of government troops are on their way to Ascension, and will attack the town at nightfall. Leave the rest to me. If we outwit these fellows, you shall be provided for by me hereafter. Will you go?"

"*Si Señor,*" cried Carlos joyfully.

* * * * *

Night had settled over Ascension. It was one of those sultry, dreamy, hypnotic nights that pervade the mountainous districts of Mexico. A faint breeze swept over the little town, fanning the fevered brows of the sentinels posted on the outskirts, for Ascension was under martial law, and Señor Garza was the master of this mountain village. The quick, impetuous galloping of a horse suddenly awoke them from their dreams, and in a moment they were on the alert. Soon Carlos appeared and was taken into custody, and led into the presence of Garza. The insurgent chief listened to the boy's story, and then after cross-questioning him sent out scouts to reconnoitre. Garza meanwhile gave the order to prepare for instant departure.

"For," said he, turning to the Gobernador, "if the boy's story be true, we must retire. With two hundred men we cannot hope to cope with any large body of government troops. But, by and by, we shall see, we shall see."

A scout soon entered and reported a large force of armed men close upon the outskirts. He estimated their strength at about four hundred. While all were busy in the preparation for departure, Carlos tried to slip away unperceived, but as he left the house a sentinel discharged his musket after the lad and the poor boy fell mortally wounded.

Fifteen minutes later Garza and his band were in full retreat, en route for the Rio Grande.

But little more remains to be told. Henry Van Drisler had had recourse to a desperate stratagem to save the property of which he had charge. Between the mines of San Ignacio and those of Santa Juliana, a neighboring settlement, existed a cordial hatred. Hand-to-hand encounters were of daily occurrence. When the superintendent called out his three hundred miners and told them that their rivals of the Santa Juliana were

present en masse in Ascension, he found them only too eager to advance upon the town.

Accordingly he armed them and led them on with military precision to the outskirts of the town, where he halted. His stratagem, as we have seen, was a perfect success.

Senor Garza and his men finally reached the border and up to latest accounts have been playing hide and seek with regulars on the Rio Grande. He never returned to Ascension.

Nearly a year has elapsed since these stirring events transpired. The superintendent has succeeded at last in winning the respect of his men and they look upon him with daily increasing favor. But he has never forgotten the tragic end of poor little Carlos, and whenever he tells the story of those trying times, he always concludes by saying: "And Carlos, bless his little soul, risked all and lost all for the poor miners at San Ignacio. Could he have lived, I would have made him happy. But then—*Quien sabe.*"

J. L. M.

SUNSET.

The sunset's sheen,
On meadows green,
Falls soft as drifting snow,
On the evening haze
It sheds its rays,
And night winds softly blow.

The dying day,
Fades fast away,
As slow the summer's sun,
In molten streams
Pours down its beams,
And tells the day is done.

The snowy clouds,
The day's fair shrouds,
Are turned a golden hue.
On western sky,
The long beams lie,
Like waves in azure blue.

Samuel Dickey.

EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the March LIT. will be due Monday, March 6th, 1893.

LIT. PRIZE STORY.

OUR thanks are due Mr. H. F. Covington, Mr. W. M. Daniels and Prof. G. M. Harper for their services as judges in the LIT. Prize Story Contest. The contest has been a spirited one, and much of the work done was most creditable. The prize is awarded to M'Cready Sykes, of the Junior Class, with honorable mention of George H. Forsyth, also of the Junior Class.

THE NEW EXAMINATION RULE.

THE present college year seems to be a record-breaking period, and may be a memorable one for several reasons, but if it fails in all other respects and yet sees the attainment of an Examination Reform, it will have accomplished enough for a perpetual red-letter mark. The faculty's new rule placing men in examination upon their honor is a final step in civilized education which places it at the antipodes from the Chinese method of imprisonment, to which barbarity the old method bore entirely too close a resemblance for pleasant comparison; it is a step hailed with pleasure by the body of the students, and one whose wisdom they must vindicate not only by approbation, but by action—and if necessary, by vigorous action. The opportunity is too golden a one to be lost. It *must* be

accepted and stamped, while the wax is hot, as the perpetual seal of honor of an honorable institution.

That cheating in examinations was wrong heretofore, all but the most conscientiously flexible admitted, but then the loop-holes were so many and so plausible. There was the theory of professorial evasion, the "catch-me-if-you-can" principle—perhaps most delusive of all—by which the examination was simply metamorphosed into a little game of hide and seek, of spotless innocency. There was the "exchange is no robbery" theory, by which mutual assistance caused cancellation, and so on.

But now behold a boundary, a Rubicon—on one side a lie, on the other the truth. It is absolute. There can be no middle ground. Compliance only is right, evasion is impossible. It is a question of manliness and honor, and the nobleness that lies in every man must rise to the occasion.

To say that the new rule has been a total success would not be the whole truth; much less so would it be to call it failure. The nobleness has been sleeping in some men—the poet tells us it is "never dead"—and must be awakened. The appointment of a court has shown that the college is earnest and will stand no trifling. It remains only for the court to be firm and to do their duty. They are backed by the students, the future is in their hands. If they act wisely and honestly, and if justice is done, the new rule will be with us to stay, and will pass from a hopeful experiment to an assured success.

COLLEGE VERSE.

ANY one who has watched the general drift of collegiate versification at the present time must have noticed its decided tendency toward the lightest, most ephemeral form of poetry. The triolet, rondeau, and couplet have multiplied far in excess of their more staid relative, and "trip it

lightly" through the pages of even the most dignified college periodicals. Several of our exchanges have contained articles advocating the cultivation of this airy style of writing, and those which have not gone so far have countenanced it by its introduction into their own pages. The reasons for this tendency are not hard to find. It is simply a part of the reactionary wave of naturalness which has swept along all but a few of the most ancient landmarks (notably the *Yale Literary Magazine*) into a broader and more human sphere of writing. It is a result of the emancipation of undergraduate literary effort from the manacles of classic example and the idealism of weightiness.

It is *not* natural for a young man to reflect on the tomb or to die of a sickly amorousness. It *is* natural for him to look at the world lightly and to face it gaily, and no fitter outlet for such an attitude could be found than in these passing dimples of song, with their "airy, fairy Lillian" style, their saucy, jaunty swing, and their tinkling, merry laughter. So it is that much of the best poetic work now done in college journalism is in this line; and so it is that, for the very reason that the form is so tempting, the style is sometimes carried to an extreme.

Frankly, we would put the question thus: *Is this the ideal form of undergraduate versification?* As a form we have for it nothing but praise. As *the form*, we cannot but object. College verse must be spontaneous, but must it therefore be ephemeral? It is out of place in the monk's cowl, but should it therefore always wear the cap and bells? Humming-birds' wings are well enough in their way, but we long occasionally for more solid food. Let us not be obliged to feast on lightness, however much we may admire it and enjoy it, as a *chef d'œuvre*. That is all the plea we offer, and let not some of our sister magazines who make a specialty of this exquisite Dobsonianism ruffle up their feathers. Capable of so much, we believe them capable of more—and (we say it advisedly) of better. Excess in this line will drag down college poetry to dilettanteism, modera-

tion will make it truly æsthetic. Listen, ye college versifiers, not only to the warm-throated warblers of the hour, but to the master singers of time. Then shall the sweet thoughts that rise within you flow forth in sweet natural melody, nor will you waste all your energy on light fancies that fall in feathery spray. Inspiration is not imitation, even when it is not the child of genius. Briefly, what we need is more *substance*—we were going to say *solidity*, but that is a word likely to be misunderstood. Let the clever triolet keep its deserved place, but let it not crowd out such higher forms of verse as the college man is certainly capable of, and the blending will deepen the already sparkling tone of undergraduate poetry.

ATHLETIC REFORM.

THE need of reform in the different branches of intercollegiate athletics has been growing more and more apparent as each year widened the wedge which professionalism was making in this very stronghold of amateur sport, and that the steps which have been recently taken came none too soon, has been shown by the opposition with which they have been met. In regard to this opposition, it seems a pity that a radical measure involving so much to the cause of athletics cannot be put through without so much bluster and growing red in the face by its enemies. That it should be objected to, and that strenuously, in certain quarters where the wedge had made a deep impression, is not to be wondered at, but this objection would have carried much more weight and brought much more credit upon its supporters had it been put forward in a more manly spirit. A great University losing its temper, calling names, and getting generally beside itself, is far from being a dignified or an edifying spectacle. The measure stringently confining athletics to undergraduates and debarring importation is sound to the core, and no one who has any

desire to preserve the purity of athletics can deny its wisdom. What the final denouement of the present tangle will be is hard to foreshadow, but that it will bring about a most necessary reform, and, if maintained even with modification, will infuse new life into athletics themselves, is not doubted. To decry it because it works depletion in present teams is a most short-sighted view to take of the matter. What may appear momentarily detrimental, promises for the future possibilities which far outweigh present disadvantages. To Yale belongs the honor of originating the movement, may Princeton never be slow in seconding and supporting it.

GOSSIP.

"There is always the to-morrow
That shall make us dream to-day."

—*Sturry.*

"And afar away we see our homes."

—*Todd's "Christian Youth."*

FOR years and years the gossip, at about this season of the year, has written of the prom. with a torn and lacerated heart.

The "day after" the prom. is such a colorless day—such a bleak and empty one. Poor Tumny Wilson stands for an hour on the dripping platform of the Trenton station gazing disconsolately down the track to where it rounds the curve under the bleak stone arch, and finally gathers himself together with a weary sigh, to go up to a dingy old place in the town where he can get some oysters and ale and wait for the five o'clock train back to Princeton. And when he reaches his fireside at evening he sits over his briar and sees the same face in the rosy flame and wishes he had had the nerve to go as far as Philadelphia with her. He could have said that he had business that called him there just as well as invent the same fable for Trenton. And he wonders if there are any dances in the world to equal college dances, and if other college dances can touch those at Princeton, and if she will write within a week.

Then Tumny gets his card and sees how many times her name is down and he murmurs her Christian name, gently, to himself. "Let's see, there's three dances and two promenades with her on the card, and I cut that one with Miss Jones and that one with that short girl and danced them with her, and we sat out the sixteenth in the gallery and supper together makes three more, and two extras and that last home waltz, and the deux-temps that we encored, two more, that's—Jeemse's rivers! seventeen! I didn't dream it was so many; she must think I'm a pig, but she didn't seem to mind it much, though," and the look of sheepish bliss that steals over Tumny's face is as bright as the warm glow of the fire. "How smooth she did look," thinks Tumny. "I wish men could wear those big sleeves and cascades of lace and stuff, maybe we'd look better. I'd give a good deal to have the continental costume back again. What a guy old Tootles would look! Seems to me Tootles missed a lot by being away this time. I wish he could have seen her. What's the use of living at all if you never saw her?"

"Ah, me! What a smile she had, and how she did use it. Just about this time last night we were at the concert and the three clubs were ripping out the 'Creole Love Song.' Every time they sang 'Come, my

love,' I looked at her. And just a little later we walked out into fairy land, otherwise the Gym., in pink with electric trimmings—that is I walked and she floated. Didn't we just swim around in that two-step though! Will I ever get over it? And how those beautiful pink draperies did become her gown. There actually seemed to be a halo about her hair. Oh the light in her eyes; she's an angel, there's no doubt of it. I wonder if I can recall the whole evening. There is no reason why I shouldn't be able to go over it all here in this comfortable chair and enjoy it all over again. I'm glad I'm not *blasé* like some fellows. First, I got out of the dressing-room crush and met her and the rest at foot of the stairs and she took my arm—no, she didn't do that till we got to the top of the stairs, and then, and then——" Tumny's pipe is out, the fire flickers drowsily and Tumny's head is buried comfortably in the cushions that lie on the back of his warm, roomy easy-chair. The fire fades away and gradually Tumny's remarks become more and more fragmentary; finally they cease altogether and a gentle snore takes their place. Tumny is in the beautiful land o' dreams. He has left the old college room, the dying fire, the disreputable pipe, the smoky walls covered with sketches and flashlights and signs and banners and knick-knacks. He has gone out with a clean shave, his best boots and white gloves, a flower in his coat and once more his young heart keeps time with the throb and beat of the music. Lovely faces swim about him; the dingy old Gym. is made beautiful, a palace of delight; again he neglects his supper to gaze too long in a pair of dazzling eyes, and once more he dances down the room with the breath of the flowers to intoxicate him; he has danced every dance with her this time, a clear knock-out of the seventeen of the night before and at last the end has come. The "Washington Post" has made him caper as he never capered before, and as he finishes the last long swing she looks meltingly into his eyes and with a soft little sigh that makes him deliriously full of rapture she says, "Yes, Tumny, I love you." What in the world is this? A tremendous shock; the ball-room flies away; he grows conscious of the dim room, the dead fire and a harsh voice, while he still feels that soft touch on his arm, those delicious words still linger in his ear. Some one is shaking him heartily. It is Tootles, Tumny's room-mate.

"Get up, you donkey. What sort of a freak are you, anyway? It's three o'clock. Why didn't you go to bed? Goab, but it was cold coming over from the Junction!" The tender eyes are still floating before Tumny's vision, and they get between him and Tootles as he struggles to his feet. He feels an intense desire to get back to that dream, and goes sleepily to bed.

About two days later (so things go since Romance died), Tumny says to Tootles: "Toot, ole boy, this fussing with girls isn't half the fun it is to loaf around and live among the fellows. It's a pleasant incident now and then, and it's a good thing for a fellow to get slicked up and have 'em around for a day or two; but we're not going to be here much

longer, and I want to see as much of the men here as I can and not bother about women,—see enough o' them when we have to get out of here!" From which it may be inferred that the dazzling eyes have faded altogether. Tumny lives far away, in the Southwest, and he will probably never look into those beautiful eyes again nor feel the light touch on his arm, and it does not trouble him in the least. Just think how long it has been since the Prom.

Things are passing away for '93,—the last prom., the last Washington's Birthday. The Gossip feels queer when he realizes that '93 will publish but two more numbers of the LIT. We are selling our rooms, and it gives us a shiver to think of it. Don't you remember, when you were a little boy and had been making a pleasant visit anywhere, how desolate was the packing up to go away. Preparation for departure has something bleak and unpleasant about it. This selling your room seems so final. It is such a business-like assumption that we are really going. We are going in to be undergraduates this last term for all we are worth. We mean to wade through the mud to the cage every day and dodge balls when we get there, but we'll see the practice. And we're going to catch cold lying on the ground the first moonlit night that isn't freezing; and we're going to make the night hideous by singing, all over the campus; and we'll whoop up the Senior singing on the steps as it never was before,—and altogether, we mean to have a good time this term.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE campus never looked as gloomy as it does to-day. The weather is rainy and slushy. The sky is dark. The gaunt, naked elms are striving in vain to hold the big drops that slip off their branches. The men have been driven by the wet weather from their work on Alexander Hall, and the big building waits in silence for the first fair day. Everything seems to be at a standstill. Men stick to their rooms or, if compelled to leave them, plod around gloomily in mackintosh and rubber boots. Some of them pretend that they can study better when there is so little inducement to go outdoors. Others admit the fact that the day is too much for their spirits and, congregating, they play whist or tell stories. This is the day to find the library hat-racks loaded with the storm garments of men who are inside studying, reading novels, or aimlessly turning over the pages of a bound volume of some old magazine. Or, if one should look in at the "gym," he would see every muscle-making article in use,—the dull, monotonous working of the cords in the pulleys, occasionally drowned by the rumbling from the bowling alleys below. Or, perhaps, over in "Dickinson" there is a class trying to take notes. But it is late in the afternoon and the gas is lighted, and everybody feels dismal, and the professors' words seem to be unable to combat the general gloom. The walks at divers places are flooded with the melting slush, and, although shovels are busy, it is a hard task to clear up all the avenues of the campus. It is in such weather as this that we realize the extent of the campus. Do you, who room away up in "University," know that you promised to return Smith's notes to him this afternoon? The Catalogue will tell you that Smith rooms down in "Brown," and you express most emphatically your disgust at being obliged to tramp way "down in the woods." But consider, man, the college is growing, and even the campus hasn't lodgings enough for the Freshmen. As you walked down with that note-book, did you notice the pool of water in front of "Dod"? The "Dod" men will tell you that the water is due to a mistake in grading, and add, facetiously, that the athletic men are going to have the plot permanently flooded for rowing purposes.

But all these external conditions are not allowed to affect the issue of the Lrr., except that the Literary Editor is so subject to atmospheric conditions that he feels in a particularly savage state of mind as he plows vindictively through the prettily written manuscript, ever and anon altering a sentence, putting in a word, or running his pencil through synthetical errors. The amount of good literature that esteemed individual has read is astonishing; but the amount of would-be and bad lit-

erature that he has indulged in is simply appalling. It would ruin an ordinary intellect to go through the course of essays, stories, sketches and poems that fill the contribution-box each month, but the Literary Editor's mind is made of tougher material. The *Table* has looked on in wonder and pity as the great man wandered through the pile of manuscript; but, save now and then a shadow of pain stealing across his face or a half-suppressed interjection, nothing revealed the agony within.

But I fear that I am going too far in thus showing forth to the unsympathetic public the internal workings of a great publication. Some people have a most unconquerable aversion to being photographed, especially after the "Kodak" fashion, and the present LIT. board furnishes many examples of such sensitiveness. They would prefer that any little anecdotes concerning their editorial life should go in some future volume of reminiscences of the lives of literary men. What concern has the college public in knowing whether the Book Reviews Editor drinks coffee or smokes cubebs as he writes out final and authoritative judgments in the volumes submitted to him; or whether the Gossip is familiar with the life and writings of the late Mr. Sturry; or whether the autocrat of the Contributor's Club wears his coat in the process of making up his department? All these questions go more or less into the sanctities of the sanctum, and so to attempt answer to them might place the *Table* in a somewhat dangerous position.

EXCHANGES.

A COLLEGE which can produce a publication of so high a grade as the *Southern Collegian* must have certain tendencies toward literary work. The more we examine the exchanges which come from all sections of the country the more convinced we become that the college with no *Lit.* or with a poor substitute for one must lack that degree of literary activity which ought to be characteristic of cultured centres.

The *Harvard Advocate* makes a specialty of short stories, of which "A Fool's Fancy" is a good example.

"The Countess Eve" forms the subject of an analysis and criticism in the *Mount Holyoke*. "Cadwallader" is a cute little story about a lost bicycle chain.

One of the latest exchanges to come to the *Table* is the *Kalends*, from the Woman's College of Baltimore. The editorial page contains a long discussion of the "Cap and Gown" question. "The College Ghost," though reviving a somewhat hackneyed plot, is well written.

THE SUSPENSE.

A silver thread of the heart that's drawn
 So tight that it almost breaks,
 When every sound from dawn till dawn
 An expectation wakes,
 And a trembling like the trembling that
 A wind in the tree-top makes.

—*The Southern Collegian.*

THE DARK.

Without, in the dark of the night,
 There's a murmur and whisper of leaves
 That rustle and jostle;
 A murmur and whisper of leaves:
 Soft sounds sighing out in the night.
 I look out through the dark, and see—nothing.

Within, in the dark of my soul,
 There's a murmur and whisper of thoughts
 That rustle and jostle;
 A murmur and whisper of thoughts;
 Soft sighs sobbing out in my soul.
 I look in through the dark, and see—nothing.

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

SONNET.

At earliest flush of morn, the noble stag
 Springs to his feet, and, snorting, sniffs the air
 Through nostrils that, dilating, seem to share
 His delicate-tempered vigour: then o'er crag
 And meadow bounds in headlong majesty,
 His sinewy being strung in wild delight,
 As stretch the wet ropes of a ship at night,
 While beating through the storm. With head on high
 He seems to scorn alike the turbulent stream,
 The tangled shade, the hill that lifts its breast
 A barrier to his might: he needs no rest,
 Exulting in his being. So, at the gleam
 Of morning in the night of thought, the mind
 Leaps forward with wild joy its strength to find.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

MAGAZINES.

Professor Buchanan's article on "The New Education and Character Building," in the February *Arena*, is most readable for teachers and parents and all who are interested in the education of children. The editor contributes a critical biographical sketch of Charles Darwin. In "Compulsory National Arbitration," Rabbi Solomon Schindler discusses one of the remedies proposed for the solution of labor problems. Helen

Campbell has a paper on "Women Wage-Earners." The *Arena* gives liberally of its columns to all problems relating to the emancipation of women. Liberal theology and psychical research receive their due share of attention in this number.

"Mr. Blaine as a Man and a Statesman," is the subject of an article by T. C. Crawford in the February *Cosmopolitan*. Another article of like character is that on Lord Beaconsfield, by General Badeau. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé is described in the second article of the "Great Railway System of the United States." "Toki Murata" is a pretty Japanese story. The process of making beet-root sugar is fully and entertainingly described. Julian Hawthorne has a bright bit of fancy, entitled "June, 1993," of which the successful working of aerial machinery forms the central idea.

The *Popular Science Monthly* opens with a paper on the "Glass Industry," describing the making of glass in America during colonial times. Under the heading "Man in Nature," M. Paul Topinard gives us a natural history of man. Prof. E. P. Evans has a scholarly paper describing "The Aesthetic Sense and Religious Sentiment in Animals." Grant Allen, in a paper on "Ghost Worship and Free Worship," tries to prove that the latter is derived from the former. The subject of "Number Forms," illustrating some of the curious operations of the human mind, is treated by Prof. Patrick, who gives a large number of cases.

The *Atlantic* this month gives under the department of fiction, "Old Kaskasia," by Mrs. Catherwood, and Margaret Graham's story, "Alex. Randall's Conversion." History and biography find a place in Parkman's "Feudal Chiefs of Acadia," and in Dr. Ellis' article on "Count Rumford." Literature is treated in W. E. Mead's "Books and Reading in Ireland," and in Horace Davis' curious paper on "Shakespeare and Copyright." Poetry is contributed by Edith M. Thomas and Bliss Carman.

The *North American Review* for February opens with "How to Revise the Tariff," by W. M. Springer. Mr. Springer takes up some individual articles and discusses them and concludes with a statement that the tariff could be best revised on the plan of the Walker Tariff of 1846. The Boons and Banes of Free Coinage are treated under the headings: "In the Interest of Shylock," "A Warning to Savings Bank Depositors," and "A Depositor's Point of View." Frederick R. Coudert takes up in "Shall Our Laws be Codified?" a subject of general interest to lawyers. The British and French Sections are treated under the heading "Europe at the World's Fair."

Two of the most readable of our magazines—*Scribners* and the *Century*—have failed to reach us in time for review. The *Nation* and the *Critic* never fall below their aim, which seems to be to give a scholarly treatment of political and literary subjects.

BOOK REVIEWS.

STUDENT AND SINGER. REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES SANTLEY. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

This attractively-bound volume contains a series of personal recollections of the great English singer, and in the main the reminiscences of such an artist can hardly fail to be entertaining and of interest. But though relieved by such discussions as naturally suggest themselves, yet at times we are conscious of a feeling of monotony as we read long pages devoted to trivial incidents, to stories of obscure musicians, and to programmes and performances one very like another. Still, the central theme, the rise of the poor Liverpool lad to his position among the great opera singers of his land, is one which is never wholly lost to view, and we are deeply interested in the vicissitudes of his career. Many of the anecdotes are well worth the reading, for they are told of such celebrities as Viardot, Garcia, Kellogg, Grisi, Patti and Jenny Lind. The author takes us from one opera to another with great rapidity. His style is graceful and clear.

THE TUSCAN REPUBLICS. BY BELLA DUFFY. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume is the last of Putnam's Story of Nations Series. Besides the history of Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Lucca, it includes a history of Genoa, because that city was so closely related to Pisa, its greatest rival. The stories of these five communes are intertwined, and it is no easy task to trace any one of them without involving the others. The history of Florence is of most interest and composes the bulk of the book. The author traces the events of this city from the fifth century until the eighteenth. That interesting period of Savonarola and the Medici, is presented concisely by the author.

The world owes to the Tuscan republics some of the greatest men: In literature appear the names of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio; in sculpture, Niccola, Ghiberti, Jacopo della Quercia, and Brunelleschi; and painting, such names as Cimabue, Giotto, Orcagna and Guido.

The author includes in her final chapter on the fall of the Tuscan republics, an account of Michael Angelo, and inserts illustrations of some of his work.

The illustrations are not the least of the book's merits.

SUSY. A STORY OF THE PLAINS. BY BRET HARTE. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This little novel, the second of a series of three, possesses a plot which is simple in its conception and whose probable outcome is early apparent to the reader. Interest, however, is maintained by numerous incidents and episodes, which, while exciting, are yet unreal and overdrawn. In fact, the main criticism of the work would be that the scenes and characters are too highly colored. Clarence Brant, the hero, finding that there is no real love between himself and Susy, the over-romantic heroine; is possessed by a strong passion for Susy's adopted mother; and considering the great disparity of years, his ardent affection seems almost unnatural. Like most of the author's tales, the scene is laid where he is most at home, among the plains and ranches of the West. The work is a good example of the writer's graceful style and of his fluent powers of narration and description.

THE PILGRIMS. A STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS. BY JOHN R. MURICK (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY.)

The fifth volume of the "Columbian Historical Novels" is a delightful book, beautifully illustrated. It brings us to one of the most interesting periods of our history, and takes us into the New England of 1620 to 1644—the New England of the Pilgrims, the New England of self-sacrifice, heroism, and religious fervor. It may not be possible to state how much America owes to the New England of that time, the period at which the New England colonies formed their first confederation for mutual protection. Here, in this volume, the author takes us back into the scenes of those interesting times, rivets the attention by vividness of description, holds the reader's interest by calling the men and women back from their graves that they may tell us of themselves. We see them, not only historical personages, but real men and women, living and acting again in the New England of the Pilgrims.

In order that the reader may have a better idea of the Pilgrims and their peculiar persecutions, the story opens with their flight into Holland. Just a glimpse of their life in Leyden is given, and they are hastened on board the "Mayflower," where will be found a full and accurate account of their memorable voyage. Though the Pilgrims and the Colony of Massachusetts form the main features of the story, it embraces the history of North America from the time at which the novel "Pocahontas" left off, to the year when the colonies were united.

NULLIFICATION, SECESSION. WEBSTER'S ARGUMENT. BY CALLEB W. LORING. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The author tells us that he has been frequently shocked by the statements of various distinguished authorities that Hayne really had the right of the argument in the renowned debate with Webster on "Nulli-

fiction." "The idea," he tells us, "has been creeping into history that the nationality of our government was a question from its inception." The work in hand was written to show that "the nation, as Pallas Athene full-grown and armed from the brain of Zeus, sprang to life from the Constitution, with the sovereign authority necessary for its existence and the power to enforce its rule." The author certainly presents a strong argument for his position. Mr. Webster's famous speech is epitomized. Other proofs are drawn from the Constitution and the intent of its makers. This very question, he declares, was discussed in the Constitutional Convention and settled; not, indeed, without contention, but settled nevertheless. The idea that it was decided by the might of arms in the late unpleasantness is but a recent fad of certain Northern writers and commentators.

THE WANDERERS. BY WILLIAM WINTER. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

This volume is uniform with "Shakespeare's England" and "Shadows of the Stage," and its author, in speaking of the title, says: "Most of my poems have drifted into life; they came; they were not compelled; and therefore, and because their existence seems frail and their fate dubious, I have called them *Wanderers*."

Most of the poems are in a melancholy strain and are presented under the heads of "Love-Land," "Tempest," "Love and Death," "Pansies and Rosemary" and "At Vesper Time." A portrait of William Winter is the frontispiece of this volume.

WHIST NUGGETS. ARRANGED BY WILLIAM G. MCGUCKIN. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Talleyrand is said to have remarked that he who did not learn to play cards prepared himself for a melancholy old age. It is with this in view that Mr. McGuckin has striven to interest all in whist and to amuse those who are happy old whisters. The book has some valuable hints on the venerable game, and besides, has some amusing essays on the subject. Among the latter are: "Mrs. Battles' Opinions on Whist," "Ladies' Whist," "Cards Spiritualized" and "A Whist Party." The scientific part of the book is taken from Pole and Cavendish.

GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS. BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. (INDIANAPOLIS: BOWEN-MERRILL Co.)

When Mr. Riley publishes a new book the people who read rejoice. This last volume of his is as refreshing as a May morning, and is full of charming pen-pictures, dainty bits of landscapes, homelike turnings of white paths through green fields are suggested with an almost pathetic vividness. There are some more of his delightful child studies, the merit of which lies somewhat in the wonderful child dialect, but mainly

in the accurate and true interpretation of child-character. The poet understands the child perfectly, and places him before us with absolute justice and a splendid sympathy for his most childish whims. Mr. Riley has discovered child-lore, and he has shown the *true* child-lore and made us see the relation between it and folk-lore.

THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE. BY PROF. N. S. SHALER.
(NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The book consists of a series of lectures delivered before the students of the Andover Seminary.

Is mainly Geological and Theological in its trend, and the author discusses several important questions in Natural Science and Religion.

The introductory chapter, *Appreciation of Nature*, deals with the development of phenomena in the mind and the final reconciliation of the realm of natural and unnatural. The following chapters discuss respectfully: "*Critical Points in Continuity of Natural Phenomena*," "*Place of Organic Life in Nature*," "*March of the Generations*" and finally the "*Immortality of the Soul*," from the point of view of Natural Science.

The author strives to reconcile Natural Science to Religion.

The book is well written, and considering the subject with which he has to deal, the author has made it more than usually interesting to the average reader.

MALMORDA. BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S
SONS.)

Malmorda is a poem founded upon the early history of Irish people. It does not aspire to the dignity of the epic, but its form is that of the metrical romance. The fore-song, consisting of five strophes, is written in form of the ode. The poem being written in blank verse, has not the swiftness of movement that the metrical romance demands. The style is a little strained and not sufficiently polished to suit a romantic theme, but its strength and ruggedness is in sense adapted to the Gaelic character and the scenes which the poet portrays.

ART OF POETRY. BY ALBERT S. COOK. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

This admirable combination of poetical authorities has been made by Professor Cook, of Yale University. He has taken the "*Ars Poetica*" of Horace, and given both the text and a translation by Howes; Vida's "*Art of Poetry*," translated by Pitt, follows, and that of Boileau, translated by Saome. The author has selected a trio of great poets, each of whom is a master in his art and each representing a different point of view. By presenting an "*Art of Poetry*" from the Latin, Italian and French, the author hopes to aid the English student in the study of the "*divine art*" by giving him a "*sounder knowledge of poetic processes*

and theory." Professor Cook has written a series of comments and notes that will be of great service to the student.

THREE GREEK TALES. BY WALTER PHELPS DODGE. (NEW YORK: GEO. M. ALLEN COMPANY.)

These three imaginative little stories are written in a style so dainty that their charm must appeal to all who possess the least artistic taste. The writer's skill has most gracefully painted living characters of the nineteenth century with harmonious backgrounds of classic Greece, and has neatly combined with old Hellenic culture the refinement of our modern times. And not only are the stories crisp and fresh, but their plot is interesting, and the latter two are especially thrilling in the pathos of their closing scenes. Their idea is fanciful, but as the author says in his preface, "after a long course of realistic roast and boiled, a fanciful little *entrée* is sometimes appreciated."

THE NEWLY RECOVERED GOSPEL OF ST. PETER. BY J. RENDEL HARRIS. (NEW YORK: JAMES POTT & Co.)

In 1886-7 a number of Greek documents were exhumed amongst the Christian tombs in Akhmim in Upper Egypt. One old manuscript was found which contained portions of no less than three lost Christian works of very early date, viz: The Book of Enoch, the Gospel of Peter and the Apocalypse of Peter. This Gospel of Peter is a product of the second century and is mentioned in the works of the early fathers. Although only a fragment has been recovered, it is a discovery of great interest to Biblical scholars. This account, besides containing a translation of the text in full, deals with the sources—Scriptural and uncanonical—which the would-be Simon Peter uses in its preparation. The authorship is discussed only negatively. The only conclusion reached is that Saint Peter did not write it.

THE CITY WITHOUT A CHURCH. BY HENRY DRUMMOND. (NEW YORK: JAMES POTT & Co.)

This publication contains another forcible address by this well known speaker. Starting with the fact that the Heaven which John saw was a city, he shows that our cities may each be made a Heaven, and then from the text, "His servants shall serve," gives practical suggestions how this end may be attained. With the closing thought that John's city had no temple, from this he pleads, not against the church, but for one less worldly and formal. As is usual with Dr. Drummond, this work is earnest in its language and vigorous and incisive in its thought.

THE INSIGHT OF FAITH. HENRY WILDER FOOTE. (BOSTON: GEO. H. ELLIS.)

The brightest passages have been culled from longer discourses and collected in this book. Most of them are short paragraphs, and are im-

pressed with the Christian character of their writer, and with the depth of his religious feeling.

THE NEW TESTAMENT AND ITS WRITERS. BY REV. J. A. MCCLYMONT, B. D. (NEW YORK: ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.)

The books are taken in the order that they appear in the canon and discussed briefly after a general discussion of the New Testament and the Gospels; the books are taken up separately and each treated of in respect to its author, date, character and contents. In the epistles the author discusses, by whom, to whom, where and when the books were written, and then he takes up their character and contents. The work will prove useful on account of its compactness.

LIFE AND CONDUCT. BY J. CAMERON LEES, D.D., LL.D. (NEW YORK: ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.)

It is in the light of the Christian religion that one may find the greatest principles bearing upon the art of living. It has been the aim of the author to show how these great truths bear upon the life and conduct of young men. The style is plain and the book will, no doubt, appeal to a large number of young men. The aim of the author at helpfulness has certainly been realized.

AFTERGLOW. FREDERIC H. HINCKLEY. (BOSTON: GEO. H. ELLIS)

The four sermons of the volume are entitled "Voices Out of the Silence," "They had all Things in Common," "Spiritual Awakening" and "The Star! The Star!" The first of these is a discourse the author delivered immediately after the sudden death of his daughter. The text of "Spiritual Awakening" is Browning's "Saul." The author has taken the rousing of the Jewish king from his passion, as a type of one's own spiritual awakening. The sermons are full of strong appeals for Christian living, and will give a deeper insight into the great religious truths.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. BY REV. PEARSON MCADAM MUIR. (NEW YORK: ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.)

The religious history of Scotland is filled with stories of devotion, heroism and martyrdom. The established church is Presbyterian and is as closely identified with the government of Scotland as the Episcopal Church is with the politics of England. In this little history of the Church of Scotland, the author takes his reader back to the fourth century and traces the life of the Church up to the present time. Probably the most interesting portion of the book is the history of John Knox and the Reformation, followed closely by the story of that courageous society, the Covenanters. The volume is intended for a hand-book to be used in Guilds and Bible Classes.

SONG BUDGET COMBINED. (SYRACUSE: C. W. BARDEEN.)

The volume is a combination of the Song Budget, Song Century and Song Patriot. These songs are intended both for the school and for the home.

MEMBERS OF ONE BODY. BY S. M. CROTHERS. (BOSTON: GEO. H. ELLIS.)

Although the Christian religion has assumed many different rituals and has adapted itself to notions that are widely separated in character, yet it has a thread of unity running through its whole texture. The author of this volume has attempted to point out that unity and show that all the different denominations are "members of one body." He takes up, in turn, Roman Catholicism, Calvinism, Methodism, Rationalism and Mysticism. We get the best idea of the writer's standpoint in the last address, entitled "The Unity of Christendom."

Mr. Crothers is most charitable to all creeds, overlooking their errors and emphasizing the truths in them, and at all times showing an admirable catholicity. He finds the unity of Christendom to be religious life. We quote a few sentences from the last address:

"I have said that religion is a life, and life is that which brings unity. We come into sympathy with each other just in proportion as our life grows strong and full. * * It is the unity which comes when we are strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth, and length, and height and depth of our religion."

HANDBOOK OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. BY ALEXANDER STEWART, D.D. (NEW YORK: ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.)

This handbook was prepared as one of a series intended to be used in guilds and Bible classes. Its aim is to furnish within the smallest possible compass what might serve as a basis for instruction or private study on a more extended scale. It embraces a wide range, while going into sufficient detail to illustrate all points of importance and to make clear the drift of the main argument. Within the narrow limits of such a work it is, of course, impossible to treat of the subject in all its ramifications. The topics are carefully selected and cumulatively arranged.

THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY. BY T. B. ALDRICH. (NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The Stillwater Tragedy needs no introduction to the public. The fact that the book is in its twenty-third edition is proof enough of its popularity and worth.

The plot is an ingenious one, and is worked up in the clever, inimitable style for which Mr. Aldrich is so well known. Character development is one of the author's strong points, and he fully sustains his reputation in his portrayal of the penurious old uncle, Mr. Lemuel Shackford,

and the vacillating Mr. Slocum. Richard Shackford, who is a young man who takes life seriously, is possessed with a latent force of character which when aroused makes him capable of great actions.

In Mr. Faggelt, the detective, is portrayed a modern specimen of the class which flourishes so well in the territories of the yellow-covered editions.

Mr. Taggett's tracing of the crime and finally fastening of it upon an innocent person is a very good illustration of what circumstantial evidence may lead to when it is carried too far.

One hardly feels sorry for him when his carefully-forged chain of evidence breaks down, and his professional reputation is so seriously injured, for his manner of breaking the intelligence to young Shackford's friends is so cold-blooded and devoid of feeling that one feels justly indignant.

THE TEXT BOOKS OF COMENIUS. BY W. H. MAXWELL, PH.D.
(SYRACUSE: C. W. BARDEEN.)

Dr. Maxwell, superintendent of schools, Brooklyn, delivered this address before the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association. The stereopticon illustrations that were used in the lecture are reproduced in this pamphlet.

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